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COMMONWEAL

THE LAITY HAS WON NOW WHAT?

Eugene McCarraher

Frank Ferrari interviews ARCHBISHOP TUTU

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To the Editors

Welcome to the Web

I just checked out your Web site for the first time. Quite well done. You are to be congratulated. I'm looking forward to frequent visits. Thanks for making *Commonweal* available on the Web.

BILL BOGEL
Saint Louis, Mo.

Don't be out of date

Congratulations on your new residence in the virtual space of the World Wide Web. May I suggest that you consider putting your most recent issue on display rather than an older one. Other periodicals with an interest in "the public [and virtual] square" have taken this approach.

(REV.) JARLATH QUINN
Bronx, N.Y.

The editors reply:

These wise words and our feeble answer will appear on *Commonweal*'s web site in about a month, when this issue is posted. It is felt here that people who have laid out $44 for a subscription should have the first chance to see the product, and that nonsubscribers equipped with computers and modems should have an incentive to join the family. The cover page and the table of contents of each issue will be posted promptly; only some issues will be reproduced in full.

Caravaggio all over

At about the same time as you published your symposium titled "A Message from Caravaggio" [June 20], I bought a paperback novel by Margaret Truman, *Murder at the National Gallery*, the setting of which is an exhibition of paintings by Caravaggio. It's good summer reading, mentions many of the artist's works, and sketches his life.

In his *The Story of Art*, E.H. Gombrich gives an interesting account of the painting *Saint Matthew and the Angel*. It was commissioned by a church, but the first version was rejected as not suitable (Caravaggio was a bold and innovative artist). He then created a second and more acceptable version, the one illustrated in your article. Both paintings are reproduced in the introduction of Gombrich's book; he seems to prefer the rejected version as being more honest.

PATRICIA LEIPER
Sacramento, Calif.

Caravaggio as tout

Though Caravaggi's *Saint Matthew and the Angel* is, in my opinion, an uninspired painting, writers inspired by it turned out an interesting five articles on the nature of divine revelation. Mr. Prusak had a good idea.

I know Caravaggio is a great artist but sacred art is not his speed. Emil Antonucci's cover on the same subject has the spirit that Caravaggio's painting lacks. I would admire his painting if he intended to depict a Neapolitan angel giving a tip to a nice old surprised man to bet on Tetra Domino in the third race at the Coloseum. In that case, the painting might inspire me to call my bookie.

FRANK NIGRA
Monroe, N.Y.

They weren't 'yentas'

I was taken aback by the headline, "Yenta Power," over my review of Nathan Stolzfus's *Resistance of the Heart* [August 15]. The joking tone is inappropriate to the subject, an uprising during the Holocaust, and the use of the word *yenta* is questionable in any context and incorrect in this one.

To check my understanding, I called Dr. Mordkhe Schaechter, senior lecturer in Yiddish studies, emeritus, at Columbia University. He confirms that *yenta* is a derogatory term that applies correctly only to a sentimental, talkative, and highly traditional Jewish woman. The women of the Rosenstrasse Resistance, discussed in the review, were Gentile.

Both Dr. Schaechter and I are sure that *Commonweal*'s error was unintentional.

MADELINE MARGET

A scandal overlooked

The issue of part-time employment raised by the Teamsters' strike against United Parcel Service can alert us to a neglected topic in the ongoing discussion of Catholic higher education.

In his *Commonweal* article [March 28] on the expense of a college education, Dennis O'Brien forecasts some "scenarios for greater efficiency"—options that may be resorted to by those institutions that have failed to reach a "philosophical consensus" necessary to avoid the "free-market model" of operation. Among other predictions, O'Brien includes the employment of more "adjunct" (that is, part-time) faculty, which he describes as a "cost-cutting strategy...already widely practiced and regarded as 'scandalous' by traditionalists."

Just what the "traditionalists" consider scandalous is not clear. Would that it were the failure to pay part-time faculty salaries they can live on. Unfortunately, the real scandal is that the exploitation of part-time faculty is *not* a scandal! So widespread, accepted, and unexamined is the practice that some community colleges already employ more than 80 percent of their faculties on a part-time basis [*Chicago Tribune*, June 16].

In a letter [Correspondence, April 25], Jerome Wolbert asks: "Will Mr. O'Brien just sit back and relax while his younger colleagues are made into a new class of migrant workers?" But is there any evidence on record to support the hope that tenured faculty would vigorously protest?

Unfortunately, the colleges and universities—including Catholic institutions where one might expect a "philosophical consensus," at least on the issue of social justice—have creat-

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COMMONWEAL

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ed and are maintaining an educated underclass of teachers with doctorates and master's degrees. Compensation can be as low as or even lower than 25 percent of full-time salaries. No benefits are paid. And, with straight faces, some Catholic administrators ask instructors to teach the social documents, including "Economic Justice for All"!

In short, many Catholic institutions have adopted "free-market practices," a far cry from the "enlargement of heart...and mind" called for by Cardinal Newman and by Professor Stephen Pope [*Commonweal*, March 28], to say nothing of the gospel and Catholic social teaching. This exploitation of part-time faculty is one of the means by which Catholic institutions of higher education are being secularized.

IRENE P. LEAHY
South Bend, Ind.

The writer replies

I am no enthusiast for "adjunct" (part-time) faculty, but before ascending the moral heights it is worth wondering why exactly have colleges—even Catholic colleges!—engaged in this unhappy practice. I doubt that it is simple wickedness. University and college tuition being what it is in private institutions, there is great resistance to increasing income by higher charges to hard-pressed parents. (I assume that the local well-known institution there in South Bend must have broken the $100,000 mark for four full years of instruction + room + board + football.)

If one cannot increase income, one tries to control expenses. Alas, faculty salaries are a major portion of the expense budget. Adjuncts are paid less *pro rata* than full-time faculty. Is that fair? Since adjuncts are not on the tenure track, presumably they do not play as important a role in the long-term plans of the institution as do the full-time tenured or tenure-track faculty who are the core of the institution. Core faculty might well believe they deserve better compensation.

Of course, one could appoint only full-time, tenure-track faculty, but that does increase expenses and—because of tenure—significantly decreases flexibility in staffing as new fields emerge, older fields succumb to lack of student interest, or the enrollment simply declines overall. Community colleges, being dominated by immediate and changing student interests (that is part of their mission), need to maintain maximum staffing flexibility; thus the 80-percent part-time faculty noted by Ms. Leahy.

An alternative strategy for the traditional (not community college) institution would be to "cut the frills"; that is, administration, fund-raising expenses, football (or hope for a Bowl bid!). I have never met a faculty that did not believe that the grass was cut too often. Whether "cutting frills" is an exercise in fiscal realism or the rhetoric of general frustration is one of the great mysteries of collegiate management. DENNIS O'BRIEN

Numbers can mislead

My sorrow over the recent death of Archbishop Thomas Murphy of Seattle was heightened when I reread Charles Morris's article ["A Tale of Two Dioceses," June 26]. The article was lively and thought-provoking. But it is also a telling example of much that is described in the media as "research" about the American Catholic church. Knowing Archbishop Murphy's phenomenal interest in all aspects of church life, I know he would have asked me about the sources and accuracy of Morris's data on the Seattle archdiocese. I would have had to respond, as I am doing now, that the article is very much in the school of "two anecdotes justify a journal-publishable trend, and a third merits a book."

Along with anecdotes and impressions, Morris makes frequent references to "survey data," with no mention of who did the survey or when. These vague assertions would not merit comment but for the fact that Morris suddenly turned specific when he got to a "test" of the religious approaches used in the dioceses of Lincoln and Saginaw—a test that, unfortunately, relied on research done by Mark Chaves and his colleagues at Notre Dame. I say "unfortunately" because the data quoted in the article were misused by Chaves and misunderstood by Morris.

Contrary to Morris's statement, "the only weekly Mass attendance figures collected on a diocesan basis" are collected in the first instance not by Chaves but by the dioceses themselves; Chaves then asked some dioceses to provide him with their figures.

(Continued on page 44)

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Indefensible

The very point of the Pentagon's quadrennial review of its military planning is to take account of changes in the world that affect this country's defense needs. The most recent review, presented last spring by Secretary of Defense William S. Cohen, demonstrates that our military establishment has missed the point. The world has changed greatly. The Pentagon has not. The better part of a decade after the demise of the Soviet Union, the Pentagon has let stand a defense doctrine inherited from the Bush administration: America ought to be able to fight two major wars simultaneously in different parts of the world without the assistance of allies. In the post-Soviet era this doctrine has outlived its usefulness and needlessly drains the country's resources.

Thus, the newly approved Gingrich-Clinton budget calls for roughly $265 billion in defense spending in fiscal year 1998. That sum accounts for 50 percent of total discretionary spending in the new budget. The next largest item—$31 billion—is for education. True, the Department of Defense (DOD)'s annual budget has declined steadily since the mid-1980s' Reagan arms build-up (down from $405 billion in 1985 to $268 billion last year—both figures in 1997 dollars), but that should not obscure the real issue: Given the end of the cold war, why are we still spending so much? In point of fact, DOD's budget this year is larger than the next *eight* leading national defense budgets *combined* (as calculated by the Center for Defense Information), and *five-and-one-half times larger* than second-place Russia's ($48 billion).

When Secretary Cohen presented the 1997 review, he left intact the two-war doctrine that includes a ten-division army, a navy with twelve aircraft-carrier battle groups, and an air force sporting twenty fighting-wings. Yet even military analysts like William E. Odom of the Hudson Institute (*Foreign Affairs*, July/August 1997) and Lawrence J. Korb of the Brookings Institution (an assistant secretary of defense in the Reagan administration), argue that a new defense strategy is required for a new era. Korb (*New York Times*, May 22) recommends a plan that would equip the United States for waging one full-scale war, while simultaneously handling a number of smaller peace-keeping missions abroad. Such a policy, he says, could be achieved with the help of our allies while still enabling the United States to maintain its superior military-technological edge. According to Korb, this could be done while allowing the United States to accrue budget savings of $100 billion over the next five years. As now projected, the Clinton administration plans to add to DOD's budget in that time frame and to increase spending for new weapons by 40 percent.

This compulsion for growth and new weapons plays out across the board and has negative ramifications for U.S. security. While the National Academy of Sciences was recently calling for drastic reductions in U.S. and Russian nuclear stockpiles (down to 300 apiece, enough to maintain and insure deterrence), U.S. government scientists were building extensive new facilities for nuclear-weapons physics (for example, at Livermore, California), and developing the B61-11 bomb, an earth-penetrating nuclear weapon (see, *End Run*, published by the Natural Resources Defense Council in August). Meantime, the Energy Department was pro-

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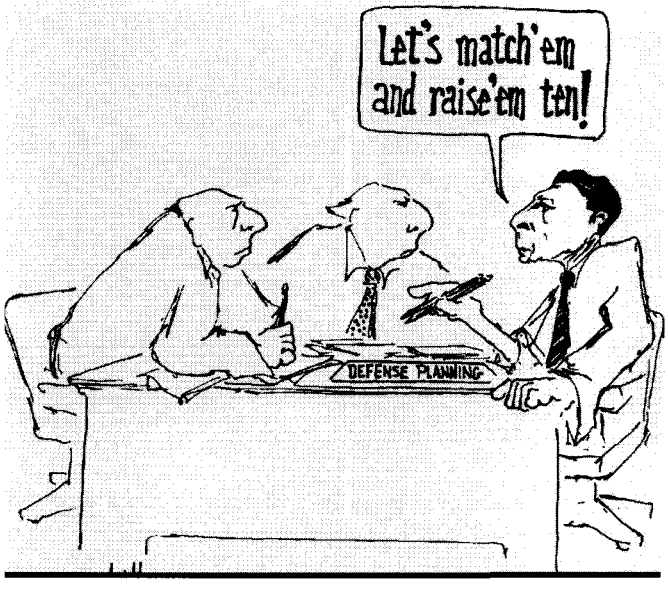
ceeding with plans to use a civilian nuclear power reactor to produce tritium for nuclear weapons. The use of a civilian reactor for weapons production would be a first for the United States and would undercut the moral distinction we have relied on to face down countries like North Korea when they have been tempted to use civilian reactors for weapons development.

There is yet another force at work stoking the military buildup: The highly lucrative, politically astute U.S. defense industry. Recent mergers and acquisitions have consolidated its proficiency. Coupled with the decline of Russian arms production, U.S. market share worldwide has skyrocketed. We now account for more than half the world export market in weapons, including 70 percent of sales to the third world—a percentage that is sure to rise now that the Clinton administration has mistakenly lifted a twenty-year ban on arms sales to Latin America. Furthermore, to help boost such sales, the U.S. Government provides the services of 6,400 full-time employees at the Pentagon and the State and Commerce Departments (*see, Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, July/August 1997).

During the course of the cold war, the U.S. defense industry developed a highly successful strategy, not only for delivering weapons but for building its own profitability. In the first stage, using taxpayer money, it manufactures and sells new weapons to our armed services. Then, down the road a few years—with additional government loans and subsidies—it sells the same basic equipment to foreign governments (for example, sophisticated F-15 and F-16 fighter jets). Should those other governments default on their payments (and nearly $10 billion has been lost since 1990), the U.S. taxpayer picks up the bill for the manufacturer, through a 1995 arms-export loan program guaranteed by the U.S. Government.

The sale of top-of-the-line hardware abroad has another benefit for the industry. It assures manufacturers that the U.S. military itself will always feel constrained to keep ahead of the pack, propelling an unending quest for newer, more advanced weapons systems superior to those previously exported. As a result, the U.S. is currently committed to buying 4,500 new aircraft at a cost of $350 billion.



Does this policy still serve the nation's defense needs? And do these bloated outlays address the real needs of our citizens, let alone those of the developing nations who are paying dearly for imported arms? With no near military rival on the horizon—including a restive China—U.S. defense expenditures are an extravagance that detracts from other needs like education, creation and maintenance of housing and infrastructure, environmental reclamation, and jobs development. It is time we came to terms with our victory and used our resources more wisely.

PAUL V. FARRELL ■ In the recent death at eighty-one of Paul Farrell, husband of Theodora Cogley Farrell, *Commonweal* has lost a most loyal long-time friend and supporter. Paul began his ties to the magazine as a spontaneous volunteer; he started sending out press releases on editorials and articles he wanted to be more widely known. Over the years his association with us deepened. He was a loyal member of the Commonweal Associates and served for several years on our Board of Directors. Paul was in frequent contact and in spirit with us until the end. We shall miss his unwavering encouragement and ties of warm, personal friendship. May he rest in peace.

EDWARD S. SKILLIN

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JOHN GARVEY

SUFFERING & GOD'S LOVE

Given to the just & the unjust alike

Our society is probably the first in which we agree to keep what matters most to us out of our common discourse, because it could divide us. Combine the secular basis of liberal democracy with capitalism, and you get a society in which civic order and the need for distraction become the most valued commodities.

In traditional societies, one religion usually reigned; members of minority communities were tolerated at best, or they were persecuted or slaughtered. The separation of church and state has at least freed religion from its alliance with coercive power, and where no particular advantage can be gained from religious affiliation, a faith may be chosen cleanly and honestly.

But the price paid for this is that we see religion placed in the realm of the subjective, a matter of taste. The differences involved in religion divide us, and what unites us is considered much more important—but what is that, in our secular society? The marketplace, not only of ideas but of commodities—or rather, ideas become commodities, and the ones we like best are the ones we accept as true. The successful sale of a commodity demands that the thing we are being sold—cars, whiskey, brand-name clothes, bottled water, religion—can satisfy us and make us whole now, and we will not be happy (being happy is all-important) unless we buy, or buy into, what is being offered for sale.

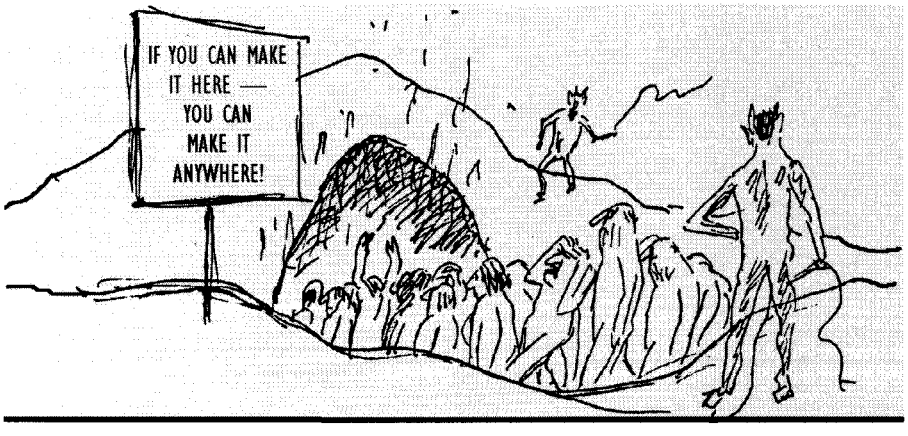
Our culture tells us this at every turn, and the consequences are tragic. The irony is that the tragedy lies in the avoidance of the tragic. If one thing is central to the understanding of all great religious traditions it is that there is something divided and strange, something broken and unhappy about the world we find ourselves in, and if this can be corrected at all (not at all a sure thing) it will be at a cost; it will involve a struggle, even death.

Traditional societies could put the stories that tell us this truth at the center, even while they avoided its implications at every opportunity. Our society turns the ad volume up and asks us to look at anything but the one unavoidable fact: There is, for all of us, a 100-percent mortality rate, and all the fitness centers and laptops and cell-phones and snacks and sneakers will not help us out of that hole.

The first of the Buddha's four noble truths is that existence is suffering. At the center of the gospel message we find Jesus crucified. To redeem us he had to come to where we are, and the Cross is where humanity is. The Resurrection, which gives us hope, has happened only to him, so that he can judge the rest of us mercifully—but the truth of our world, this side of resurrection, is Golgotha. We have crucified the Lord of glory, torment one another, are tormented. And we have been given the power to forgive and be forgiven, to love, even to die for the sake of another. But none of this has to do with the satisfaction of our immediate desire, and our culture—based as it is in commerce—is established on the creation of new desires and the illusion that they can be satisfied.

So many people find it hard to accept the absolute unavoidability of suffering. You hear it constantly: "Why did she have to suffer? She was such a good person...." As if goodness were a hedge against suffering. The suffering of the just is an ancient mystery, at least as old as Job. It shows us a truer picture of the world than our temporary comfort. Just or unjust, we will all be crucified. God's mercy falls on the just and unjust alike, and so does suffering.

The greater mystery is that at the base of suffering there is something profoundly moving and even hopeful in a way which is hard to explain, and perhaps it can only be experienced. A young woman asked me to visit her fiancé, a young man who has been in a coma for sixteen months. I have been to see him with her a couple of times, to anoint him and pray with her and with his family. She goes to see him for hours every day after work, in a hospital where there are many like him, a bleak place where there are few visitors. She talks with him, reads to him, prays with him, turns him in his bed to make sure he doesn't get bedsores. She hopes for a miracle, but her love doesn't depend on one. She will wait, and nothing may happen. What is constant is her patient love, a love which hopes, but without demanding results, a love which endures without any clear expectation. This is already a miracle. There is something prophetic about this kind of love—it shows us something we need to know about God's love for us, for all the suffering world. □



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E.J. DIONNE, Jr.

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

Just & unjust at the same time

President Bill Clinton's initiative on race is already running into the classic problem of American ventures in brotherhood and sisterhood: We can be nice or we can be honest, but we rarely manage both.

This is not a cynical statement. Nice means we try to get along, respect each other, and not pick fights. Honest means we're upfront about our differences, not only between blacks and whites, but also among blacks, whites, Asians, and Latinos. Each group has a very complex relationship with the others--and, if we're being really honest, each is itself highly diverse.

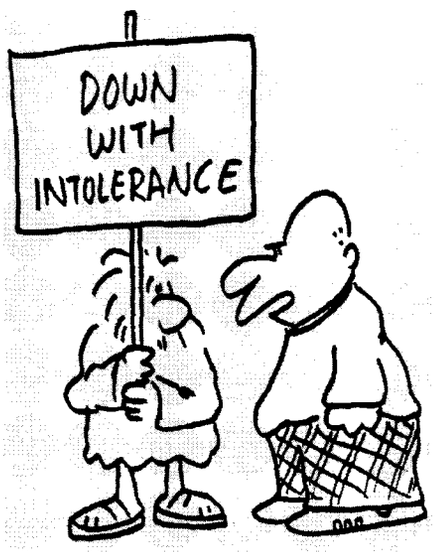
The largest problem facing Clinton's Commission on Race Relations is deciding on its goal. If it is seeking universal understanding, it will almost certainly fail. Sure, whites should understand that African-Americans confront a legacy of slavery, segregation, discrimination, and racism. This can make even the most successful African-Americans feel separate from a society they see as hostile.

Sure, nonwhites (and, for that matter, non-Protestants) should appreciate that for all their flaws, our Anglo-Saxon founders created a regime and nurtured an idea that provided unparalleled freedom for outsiders and dissidents. Slavery and segregation could not survive in the climate they created. The American paradox is that we began with a Constitution that permitted slavery and a Declaration of Independence whose core idea subverted slavery.

But a presidential commission won't make us all think along certain lines. It needs to find practical goals—and practical ways of encouraging us to meet them. To that end, every member of the commission should read *On Toleration* (Yale University Press) a book by Michael Walzer, my favorite contemporary political philosopher.

Toleration sounds minimalist—you "tolerate" what you can't stand. That is its strength. Historically, it's extraordinary to achieve—as Walzer puts it—"the peaceful coexistence of groups of people with different histories, cultures, and identities." We forget what a big deal this is. Toleration, Walzer writes, "sustains life itself because persecution is often to the death." It "also sustains common lives, the different communities in which we live." Walzer then offers this brilliant aphorism: "Toleration makes difference possible; difference makes toleration necessary."

The genius of Walzer's little book—at 112 pages, it is shorter than the reports commission members will be required to read—is how realistic it is about the contradictions confronting those who would create an open society. He is especially good at dissecting our strange time when individuals have very weak attachments to their communities. This only makes them long for stronger identities and shout louder in claiming how important those identities are. "American society is a collection of individuals with multiple, partial identities." How many of us are honest enough to admit that?



"I hate people who carry signs!"

Walzer's book should not be oversimplified, so I'll deal with only two of the challenges he poses. One is the core difficulty of affirmative action. On the one hand, it is obvious that America owes recompense for its past deeds against African-Americans. Failing to open opportunities reinforces black feelings of isolation and encourages the very sort of black separatism that whites condemn. "Intolerance," Walzer notes, has "group-sustaining effects."

Yet affirmative action is not truly egalitarian. It aims only to "produce similar hierarchies" among groups "by supplying the missing upper, professional, or middle class to the most subordinate groups." Affirmative action "causes real injustice to particular individuals" who are "usually members of the next-most-subordinate groups" and thus "breeds politically dangerous resentments." Can the Clinton commission—and the president himself—grapple with the fact that affirmative action may be simultaneously just and unjust? Can it come up with alternatives?

Walzer is also wise on the dual—and contradictory—obligations of a free society: We seek the possibility of both "individual assimilation and group recognition." We think, rightly, that people, whatever their race, ethnicity, or religion, enjoy their rights as individuals. Yet we also acknowledge that individuals live in groups and that each group, especially minorities, has a right to "a voice, a place, and a politics of its own." How can we square these two goals?

Walzer's conclusion is that toleration is easier in societies where economic inequalities are not vast, where individuals have opportunities for advancement, where intermediate associations—family, ethnic, union, political—are strong. A fair conclusion is that to deal with race, we need to think beyond race. Without social justice, there will be no racial justice. Can the president's commission help us think that through? □

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Peter Feuerherd

A NEW AMERICAN TRIBE

Intermarriage & the racial divide

President Bill Clinton has urged Americans to talk with their families and friends about race relations. I took him up on that offer one recent summer afternoon at a pizza restaurant in Queens, New York.

"We outnumber them," I told my wife and two children as I looked around the place. My voice suggested surprise. I think it was the first time it's happened in a public place. "We," in our case, means interracial families. "Them" is everyone else. I looked around that restaurant and saw a couple with a cute interracial baby, a European man gazing into the eyes of a beautiful woman who appeared to be from India, and other couples composed of mixed hues and shades.

My pale visage, my wife's darker visage, and those of our two teen-age children, which fall somewhere in between, were just another part of the scene. We have become part of a quiet revolution that is no longer so quiet. Two decades ago when my wife and I married, the worried looks of some were apparent. "What about the children?" was a regular question we faced, forcing us to contemplate the specter of producing offspring who would never fit comfortably anywhere.

Now American society has produced a revolution with huge consequences about our age-old bugaboo of race relations. While the media are full of tales of bigotry and bickering, of Minister Farrakhan preaching race separatism, of radio talk-show hosts competing for the booby prize of who can be the most ethnically insensitive, of crosses burning and swastikas displayed on the lawns and houses of suburban neighborhoods, there is something else happening. Those of different races have proceeded to fall in love and produce what has become a new American tribe.

It's become almost chic. Interracial celebrities such as Tiger Woods, Halle Berry, and Mariah Carey are lionized for their talents and, important in this superficial culture, physical beauty. The meaning of Tiger Woods's ascendancy in golf has been well-documented, particularly his coining of the word "Cablinasian" to describe his Caucasian, African-American, Native American, and Asian heritage. But he's not the only sign in popular culture. New York Yankees' rookie-of-the-year shortstop Derek Jeter—who grew up in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and is the son of a black man and white woman—is written about in glowing terms as a symbol that the 1996 world champs have shed their stuffy, nearly-all white image and have been truly embraced by all of their city's ethnic mosaic.

Biracial organizations are seeking to have the status of mixed children formally included in the U.S. Census. Just two decades ago there were some 500,000 biracial children in the United States; today there are nearly four times as many. These children, of course, will grow up and raise their own children. And they will bring their own special perspective to the question of race.

Watching my own children is an amazing lesson in how the stereotypes can be demolished. They go where they want to go, largely unimpeded by fears that someone will make a racial slight against them. Academically and socially, they appear unintimidated.

It's not that they are bereft of racial consciousness. My daughter is now considering colleges and she's made it clear that she would not be comfortable in a nearly all-white environment after experiencing four years in a racially-mixed Manhattan high school. My son tells me that when he walks through a nearby all-white neighborhood with his Asian friend they sometimes are the objects of derision among some youthful know-nothings. Yet what is amazing about them is that my children are living embodiments that in the future the black/white divide is not going to mean what it does now. One reason, besides intermarriage, is the growing number of immigrants. For example, many of my daughter's friends are of Filipino ancestry. She fits right in, often attending Filipino social events. It is just one ethnic group in the mix of life in Queens these days. What does this portend for race relations? How do Filipinos view America's racial divide? And how do Dominicans, Pakistanis, Colombians, and other newcomers view our traditional black/white racial split?

I submit that in the future, race relations in the United States will be different: less of a black-and-white issue, with many more shades of gray. The combination of intermarriage and immigration from racially-mixed cultures is going to change America, even more so than it already has. Pat Buchanan and others have posed the specter that the culture may not be able to survive such inclusiveness, particularly regarding immigration. I would argue the opposite: Intermarriage and immigration are perhaps the best solution to this country's historic racial divide, stirring quietly behind the scenes, breaking out only when a Tiger Woods or some other multiracial celebrity garners the limelight.

If the president's dialogue is to mean anything, it will have to include these dimensions of modern American life and avoid getting stuck in tired old perspectives which don't have the meaning they once did. When "we" outnumber "them" on a quiet afternoon at a restaurant in Queens, something has changed. It's about time we celebrated it, instead of simply feeding more social *angst*. □

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Antonio Ramirez

A CHURCH THAT VOTES

Episcopalians in convention

The American Episcopal church's General Convention meets every three years to elect officers, adopt a budget, enact canon law, and pass lots of resolutions. With 250-plus in the House of Bishops and 900 clergy and lay delegates in the House of Deputies, it constitutes one of the largest bicameral legislatures in the world.

It is no accident that the Episcopal church's governing structure resembles the organizational format of the United States government. Many of the church fathers who gathered in Philadelphia's Independence Hall in 1789 to forge a constitution for the new church were also present when the U.S. Constitution was drafted two years earlier. Having disposed of a king, the American Episcopalians decided against an archbishop. The titular head of the new, democratic, church (which retained spiritual ties to the mother Church of England) would be a presiding bishop.

When the Episcopal convention returned to Philadelphia in July of this year, the bishops and delegates found themselves struggling to find ways to maintain unity in the face of deep divisions on sexuality, women in the priesthood, and religious authority. Episcopalians go at it vigorously at conventions: four newspapers, two on the ecclesiastical right, one on the left, and one the church's official publication, are published and distributed each day, and the Internet carries hundreds of pages of commentary and news (Father John H. Gill, an Episcopal priest who surfs the Net with the grace of a California collegian hitting the big waves, helped me gather that material). Dozens of groups—gays, lesbians, prolifers, pacifists, conservatives, liberals, racial and ethnic organizations—set up booths and lobby the voters.

This year the divisions were so severe that the Committee on the State of the Church drew up a pledge that most delegates signed, promising to avoid using "pejorative labels" including "apostate, homophobic, heretic, and fundamentalist."

In this contentious setting, the bishops and deputies took, or almost took, some dramatic steps:

- On the ecumenical front, the 2.4-million member Episcopal church approved a concordat with the 5.4-million member Evangelical Lutheran Church in America calling for the recognition of each other's clergy and sacraments, and permitting the creation of joint congregations. The agreement, not a merger but certainly a high order of intercommunion, sailed easily through a convention that was clearly more interested in other issues than in crossing t's and dotting i's on matters of apostolic succession (which Episcopalians claim to possess and which Lutherans would acquire only as new ministers undergo the Episcopal laying-on-of-hands). At the Lutherans' August convention, the concordat narrowly failed to get the two-thirds vote needed for approval.
- On the ordination of women, all dioceses have been ordered to make it possible for women to gain ordination to the priesthood and the opportunity to serve parishes. The church began ordaining women priests in 1976 and consecrating women bishops in 1989, but the bishops in 4 holdout dioceses (of the church's 110 dioceses) refuse to ordain or deploy women priests, and women with vocations are sent elsewhere. These bishops now have three years to comply; one has announced he will retire later this year; another, Bishop Jack Iker of Fort Worth, Texas, says he will "resist," inviting disciplinary action.
- A resolution instructing the church's liturgical commission to prepare ceremonies for blessing same-sex unions for inclusion in the book of occasional services was narrowly defeated in the House of Deputies. The measure failed by only one vote in both the clerical and lay orders. Given a rule that split delegations are counted as "no" votes, the "ayes" actually had a numerical, though not a legislative, majority. Extension of health benefits to domestic partners of clergy and to lay employees of the church passed; a move to do the same with pensions failed.
- On social justice and human rights, the convention spoke out forcefully for decent wages, against unbridled downsizing, against welfare cuts, and in support of persecuted Christians and other religious groups abroad. The bishops narrowly avoided embarrassing themselves when a "sense of the house" resolution urging the United States not to "interfere" in Russia's internal religious affairs was withdrawn after they learned that Boris Yeltsin had vetoed a bill restricting the rights of Catholics and Protestants.
- The bishops elected Bishop Frank Griswold of Chicago as presiding bishop for nine years. Bishop Griswold, by all accounts a scholarly and even-tempered man, is a traditionalist in worship and a liberal on social questions. He was one of seventy-four bishops who signed a 1994 statement authored by Bishop John Spong of Newark, the church's outspoken radical bishop, in support of the ordination of gays and lesbians and the blessing of same-sex unions. Bishop Griswold has been a leader in Anglican-Roman Catholic talks.

What will the future bring the Episcopal church? It depends on whom you talk to.

To the ever-liberal Bishop Spong, the future is bright. The church, he said, "is moving in the right direction," and within another convention or two, he expects "everything I have fought for all my life" to come to fruition.

To Bill Hawkins, a conservative layman from Arkansas, the church supports a process that weakens society when it caters to gays and lesbians. "We're not immune to what has troubled past societies when homosexuality runs uncontrolled," he said, adding that if "inclusivity" is a goal for church liberals, why not "include" those who would limit the role of women (a role Hawkins himself "welcomes and rejoices in")?

Barbara Neff, an alternate lay delegate from Texas who is

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liberal (and therefore, she adds, not a representative member of that delegation) thinks time for accommodating the antiwomen contingent may have run out. "It's time to tell them: 'This is the way it is, you'll have to learn to live with it,'" she said.

The Reverend J. Douglas McGlynn, a conservative priest delegate from Pittsburgh, believes that the terms of debate in the church have shifted radically. "We're no longer in a struggle of evangelicals against Anglo-Catholics," he said, alluding to the classical "high-low" split. "It's now a question of orthodoxy against revisionism." Conservatives, Father McGlynn reports, are organizing and entered this convention ready to do battle in a way that, in the past, only liberals knew anything about.

Hanging over the debates on legislation and resolutions is the question of the seat of authority in the Episcopal church. Liberals, like Bishop Spong, want to submit tradition to the test of modern understanding on questions like gay and lesbian rights. We have found, he said, that "homosexuality is not a chosen, it is a given," and, in that light, biblical proscriptions are culturally limited. The church must admit it does not possess perfect knowledge any more than it did when it suppressed Galileo and discriminated against blacks and women, Bishop Spong said.

To Bishop James Stanton of Dallas, president of the conservative American Anglican Council, biblical faith and morality are at stake. The council's organizing statement pledges to "strengthen people of biblical faith, who stand for Jesus Christ amidst the challenges of contemporary culture and false teaching in the church." Bishop Stanton helped bring unsuccessful heresy charges against retired Bishop Walter Righter for ordaining a practicing homosexual.

This blend of Bible-centrism and sexual conservatism drew the fire of Bishop Edmund Browning, the retiring presiding bishop, in his parting convention address:

> I'm a traditionalist because I treasure and believe in the ethos of Anglicanism. As Anglicans, we discern God's will through Scripture, tradition, and reason. However, some have chosen to embrace biblical literalism instead of our Anglican tradition. History tells us biblical literalism was used to support both the practice of slavery and the denigration of women. We have moved past slavery and we are moving past the oppression of women. It is time to move past using literalistic readings of the Bible to create prejudices against our gay and lesbian brothers and sisters. Biblical literalism may be someone's tradition, but it's not our tradition and it's time we came home to our Anglican roots.

Browning's statement angered many at the convention who accused him of not living up to the pledge they had all signed against the use of "pejorative language." Bishop William Frey, former dean of the Trinity Episcopal School for the Ministry, observed that Anglican evangelicals, who would be regarded as biblical literalists today, led the fight to end slavery in the British Empire. Retired Bishop Alden Hathaway of Pittsburgh accused Browning of violating his own principle of inclusivity by trying to exclude those who "strongly value the biblical text."

"What's all this talk about giving the devil his due?"

Yet despite this and other dust-ups during the the convention, the general consensus is that Episcopalians weathered this one with their customary civility intact. "The sense of negativity and hostility was considerably diminished at this convention," said Bishop Spong. "The convention was a lot gentler and kinder than I expected," said Suffragan Bishop Walter Dennis of New York. "This convention was extraordinarily civil compared to others I've attended," said Father McGlynn. "I had a feeling things were much more congenial than the last time around," said Barbara Neff. "This convention was not as acrimonious as previous ones," said Bill Hawkins.

But not everyone was pleased. Peter Toon, a conservative writing in the daily published by the Episcopal Synod of America and the Prayer Book Society, observed acerbically that the "growing presence of the nice God has been the primary reason for the new niceness between Episcopalians.... The God of niceness does not see human beings as sinners and is never angry at them."

Another view, expressed by both the liberal Barbara Neff and the conservative Bill Hawkins, is that, after a decade of battles over sexuality, Episcopalians are just tired of fighting over the issue. This was perhaps best illustrated when the convention voted to support a minimum wage of $7.50 an hour and family health benefits for all workers (this from what used to be called "the Republican party at prayer"). Deputy Russell Reno of Nebraska declared: "Let's send a message that the Episcopal church is concerned about more than just sex, sex, sex."

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Jon Nilson

HALF A LOAF

Lutherans draw a line

What a testimony it would be, in the midst of this balkanized society, if two churches, long separated, could affirm each other and begin to knit up the ministries that have so long been divided. It would be a prophetic sign; a sign that things do not have to remain as they are...." Thus had H. George Anderson, presiding bishop of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of America, envisioned the effects of his church's entering into full communion with the Episcopal church.

The deeper the pain, the fewer the words. Appropriately, then, the first report was terse. In two sentences, the ELCA stated that its churchwide assembly had rejected the "Concordat of Agreement" by a slim six-vote margin.

The concordat, published in 1991, was the product of dialogues and agreements between Lutherans and Episcopalians over nearly three decades. Episcopal church approval required the vote of its general convention. Approval by the ELCA required the vote of its churchwide assembly. This year, 1997, was chosen as the year of decision by both groups. Both were already scheduled to meet this summer in Philadelphia, one month apart.

As decision time approached, conferences, debates, books, and on-line discussions helped to clarify the meaning and implications of "full communion." It was not going to be a merger of the two churches, each with rich and diverse traditions. Rather, at the end of the process outlined in the concordat, they would "share one ordained ministry in two churches that are in full communion, still autonomous in structure yet interdependent in doctrine, mission, and ministry" (Concordat, no. 15).

Sharing in one ordained ministry would result from the concordat's declaration that each church recognized the full authenticity of the other's ministry. This sharing would be extended and consolidated by its provision that all future ordination of a bishop in one church would involve at least three bishops from the other church. At the grassroots, Lutherans and Episcopalians would experience the concordat most vividly in Eucharistic celebrations by Lutheran clergy in Episcopal parishes and vice versa.

The doctrinal, liturgical, and canonical complexities of moving toward full communion were to be handled by a joint commission. Though many details remained unclear, the concordat was widely regarded as one of the most theologically responsible, pastorally prudent, and ecumenically powerful initiatives in the quest for church unity.

Why was the concordat put to a vote when a number of important details still remained unsettled? The reason—and the key to the concordat itself—was mutual recognition. Church leaders felt that nearly thirty years of dialogue had prepared each church to declare that it recognized in the other "the essentials of the one catholic and apostolic faith." If each church maintained and taught "the essentials of the one catholic and apostolic faith," on what ground could either refuse full communion?

The "historic episcopate" proved to be that ground for the Lutherans. Like the Roman Catholic and Orthodox churches, the Episcopal church has a "three-fold ordained ministry," bishop, priest, and deacon. The "historic episcopate," the succession of bishops that goes back to the Apostles, is deemed an essential element of the church. The ELCA, however, maintains a single ordained ministry, pastor. ELCA bishops are pastors who are elected to an office of oversight for a limited term.

Mutual recognition, however, would have allowed Lutherans to adopt the "historic episcopate" as a means, not an essential, of their church's proclamation of the gospel, while Episcopalians could state that the ELCA had maintained the essentials of faith, even without the historic episcopate. Proponents argued that classical Lutheranism had never rejected episcopacy in principal but only its abuses. Opponents insisted that unity requires only agreement on the teaching of the gospel and the administration of the sacraments. Moreover, the concordat would add the three-fold ordained ministry, making their egalitarian church a hierarchy.

In June, the concordat's chances looked good, although opposition was growing. When the Episcopal church overwhelmingly approved it in July, many saw ELCA approval as a foregone conclusion. One month later, though, an historic opportunity was lost by just six votes.

The concordat would have energized the ecumenical movement, now perceived as moribund. It would also have challenged the Roman Catholic church to re-examine its understanding of episcopacy. Rome's ecumenical commitment means that, sooner or later, it must assess the status of churches which, like the ELCA, do not maintain the historic episcopate. Faced with the same issue, the architects of the concordat distinguished between apostolicity and apostolic succession. They argued that a church can be apostolic in its teaching, worship, and practice, even though it lacks bishops in the historic succession. Succession signifies and serves apostolicity; it does not guarantee it. Many Catholic theologians find this approach persuasive. In official Roman Catholic teaching, however, historic succession is both a sign and a guarantee of the apostolicity of the church. It is not optional or negotiable. Yet if apostolicity means more than just having bishops, and if the essentials of the faith were found in a church without bishops in the historic succession, wouldn't unity still be possible?

No doubt, much has been lost by the ELCA vote. The future of its relationship with the Episcopal church is murky. Yet the wealth of theological analysis around the concordat must and will continue to fund the quest for that unity for which Christ prayed (John 17:21). □

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FORGIVING THE UNFORGIVABLE

An interview with Archbishop Desmond Tutu

Frank Ferrari

The idea for South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission—the topic of the interview that follows—sprang from the same political negotiations that led to elections in 1994, and the creation of the first democratic nonracial South Africa. There was a keen awareness in the country at the time that the need for justice and reconciliation went beyond simply the installation of a new government.

In 1995, the new democratically elected Parliament enacted The Promotion of National Unity and Reconciliation Act. It provided for a commission whose objectives are to promote understanding and overcome the conflicts and separation of the past.

The commission has seventeen members, representing South Africa's different constituencies. Archbishop Desmond Tutu, the former primate of the Anglican church in South Africa, is chairman. The commission is divided into three committees that deal respectively with human-rights violations, amnesty, and reparations and rehabilitation.

The commission has attempted to establish as complete a picture as possible of the nature and extent of gross human-rights violations committed from March 1960 to May 1994; to facilitate the granting of amnesty to persons who make full disclosure of all the facts related to acts associated with political objectives at the time; to establish and publicize the fate and whereabouts of victims, and to restore their human and civil dignity by giving them the opportunity to relate their accounts of what took place; and to compile comprehensive reports of the commission's work.

In order to grant amnesty to an individual, the commission must be satisfied that the act in question was associated with a political objective; that it took place during the time period designated by the commission; and that full disclosure has been made by the perpetrator. Furthermore, the nation must be notified of any decision to grant amnesty through publication in the official Government Gazette.

The committee on reparation and rehabilitation is responsible for dealing with victims' applications in a speedy and accessible fashion, and for making recommendations to the government on the reparations to be granted.

The full commission's work ends this year, with a report due the government by March 1998. The South African Constitutional Court has upheld the commission's power to grant amnesty.

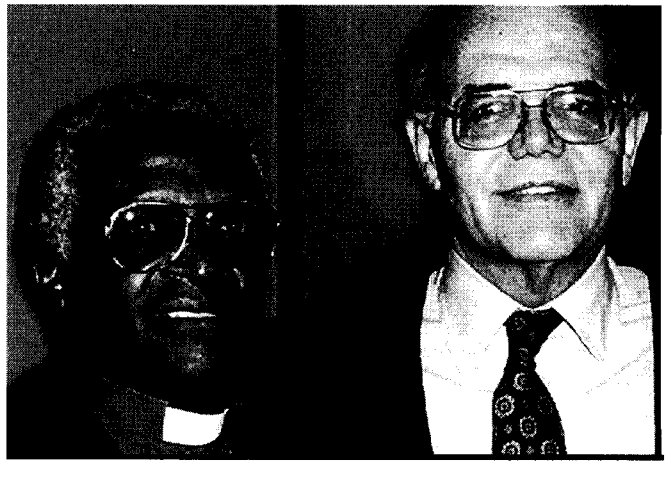
Frank Ferrari *is vice-president of ProVentures, Inc. He formerly was senior vice-president of the African American Institute, and lived in Johannesburg from 1992 to 1994.*

FRANK FERRARI: Archbishop Tutu, as I understand it, the ultimate aim of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission is to create a culture of human rights in South Africa so that what happened in the past does not happen again. You've been chairing the commission's hearings since December 1995. You've listened to some horrendous stories of personal suffering and tragedy. Did you imagine, before you began, that the situation would unfold in the way that it has?

■ DESMOND TUTU: In a way. No, not quite. And yes. Now I'm being African! You hoped that I could begin to share the truth about what happened. Many people thought they knew what had happened, but the details, when they began unfolding, shocked us. The depth of depravity was breathtaking. As an illustration, a young man who was first poisoned and shot in the head was then burned. While the body was burning, the perpetrators were carrying on and enjoying their own barbecue. You hear this and think, "how can we sink quite as low as that?"

On the other side, when I say "no, not quite," I have found breathtaking and, in fact, exhilarating the magnanimity of people, the incredible nobility of spirit of people who have suffered as much as they have suffered. So many of them are ready to forgive, which sometimes makes you feel as though you should take your shoes off because you are stepping on holy ground.

I want to highlight especially the role of women. I certainly didn't expect this. Somebody has looked at statistics that said when women came before the commission, it was almost always to tell a story of what has happened to someone else; when men came before the commission it was almost al-



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ways telling about what happened to themselves. I think we ought to have a special thing to mark the role that women have played.

FERRARI: Go back to the point you made on the ability of the victims to forgive. Some people question whether, given the crimes that have been committed, amnesty is too big a price to pay for what they have suffered. Another question: How can there be forgiveness without remorse? Minister of Finance Trevor Manuel has said that the faculty of remorse is vital for reconciliation. Inasmuch as it's only the oppressed that can do the forgiving, do you think they can forgive without any demonstration of remorse on the part of the perpetrator?

■ **TUTU:** There is a kind of Catch-22 situation for the perpetrators. When they appear before the amnesty committee, if they express no remorse, people say, "look at them, they don't care." When they do ask for forgiveness from the victim, as most of them have—in fact, I can't recall anyone not somewhere expressing repentance—people say, "Ah... they are putting it on, it's not genuine." So the perpetrators are in a no-win situation. Legally, there is no requirement that they express contrition, though in some ways, most of their expressions were, I think, reasonably genuine.

You ask: "Is the amnesty too heavy a price to pay?" It is a very heavy price to pay. But having said that, you have to ask, what is the alternative? It would have been highly unlikely that the security forces would have agreed to a transition to a democratic civilization without amnesty. Amnesty was the price we had to pay to get the security forces on board. That is one response.

The second is to ask: Supposing we had a settlement without amnesty, what are the alternatives? Well, we are talking about the possibility of a Nuremberg Trial. First, Nuremberg has not satisfied anybody. The Germans have said it was victor's justice. Second, South Africa would not have been able to afford it; too many resources would have to be invested in trials which, in fact, would not guarantee a conviction, as we saw with the Malan trial. [General Magnus Malan, defense minister in the former government of F.W. de Klerk, and several other army officers were accused of the deaths of thirteen people by death squads. Malan and the others were acquitted.] Our particular amnesty process is a compromise, but an important compromise. With a general amnesty, as you had in Chile, you are revictimizing the victim by saying the things that happened to you are of no account. What is happening at home in South Africa is that we are saying we genuinely want bygones to be bygones, but not in a glib way that people don't take account of what has happened, because then they won't be bygones. As Santayana said, those who forget the past are doomed to repeat it. And there is a specific provision in the law to do this over two years, then the shutters come down.

FERRARI: Do they come down the end of December this year?

■ **TUTU:** Yes, after this period no one can come forward and say, just look at this horror story, because they've been given the opportunity of telling their stories. After this, the country can't be held to ransom by new revelations. We are saying: We had the opportunity; we looked at cases to the best of our ability; we have unearthed the truth.

It is not a general amnesty, but an amnesty on an individual basis. Perpetrators must apply and satisfy certain conditions: It must be a thing that happened between 1960 and 1994. It must have had a political motive. The policy of either the previous government or the liberation movement must have been behind it. And, sometimes people forget this: the amnesty is not automatic. There is also proportionality. If it is felt that what you did was out of proportion to your objective, then amnesty will be refused. Once amnesty is granted, the perpetrator is set free, and many have already been set free. Whereas the victims have to wait until we determine that they are a victim and then we make a recommendation to the president about the reparation that is to be made, and he has to ask Parliament. ("Reparation" is the term used in the act. We think it is instructive that the act does not use the term "compensation." Compensation seems to say you can quantify suffering, compensate someone for the loss of a loved one. How do you compute this?) It is a very roundabout way.

FERRARI: One is haunted by the plight of the victims. All of your life, Archbishop Tutu, you have pursued justice for the people of South Africa, all of Africa, and globally. Truth and justice are not the same. It seems that justice is eluding the victims.

■ **TUTU:** This is not exactly the case. People tend to think of one kind of justice, which is retributive justice. It is true that the amnesty provision expunges the victims' rights to civil damages, though there is a provision for reparations.

The fact of the matter is that we have been sent to find ways of transcending the conflicts of the past. How do you heal? And so, we speak about restorative rather than retributive justice. It is not the case that the perpetrators get off scot free. They have to stand in the full glare of their city and say I did this and this and this.

I watched recently one of the security police having to demonstrate the "wet bag" method he used. Now it is possible that many in the community, and possibly his own family, didn't know that when daddy went out in the morning to his office looking so normal, in fact, his work was the killing of people. Having to come clean in public has a very heavy cost. Many have found that their marriages, if not broken, have fallen into serious difficulties because often their wives and children didn't know that that was what daddy was doing.

While reparation is not compensation, one of the things that has happened is that these people who were treated like rubbish now have a story that the country acknowledges. Victims have been given an official forum where they have told their story. Not all of them have appeared, but the ones who have done so said at our very first hearing: We have told our story in many many places, but this is the first time, having told it here, that a heavy burden has

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been lifted off our shoulders.

So, there is the acknowledgment by the nation, and you can't put a money value on that. You can't put a money value on what it is to be acknowledged as a person, and to be able to tell your story to a commission appointed by the president, your president, elected by you. That is something whose value we can never compute. And here I have to heed Judge Mohammed's judgment in the Constitutional Court on the constitutionality of reparations because he's said, amongst other things, many people have suspicions about things having happened to their brothers, but they didn't have the evidence that would satisfy a court of law. This process allows them to get some kind of recognition and some kind of reparation on the basis of a story that requires some rigorous process....There is another kind of justice than the retributive one.

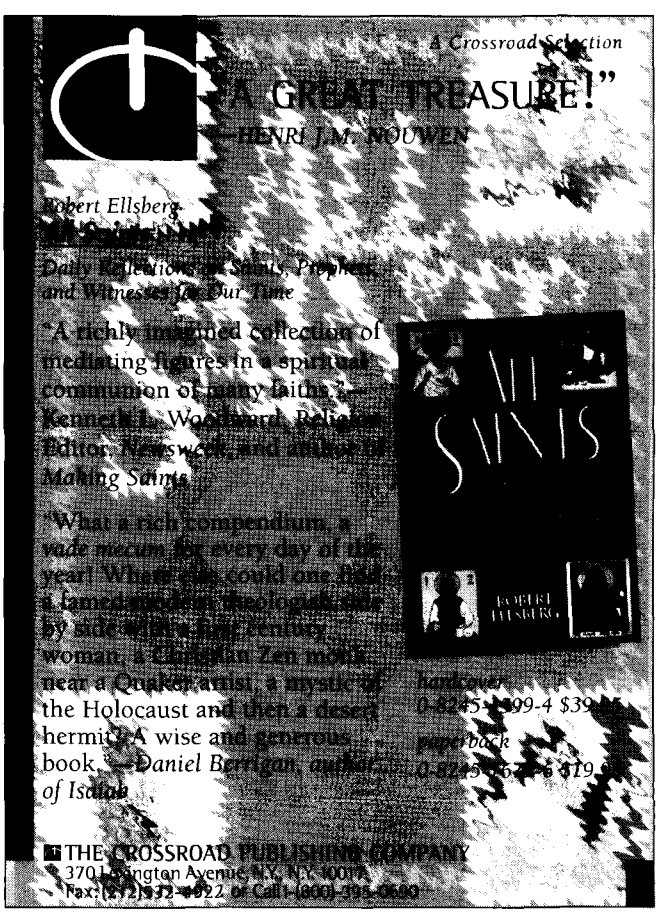
FERRARI: On the question of the acknowledgment of the past, Thabo Mbeki, South African deputy president and assumed successor to President Nelson Mandela, said "the hatred and animosities of the past will not go away unless the truth is told about what happened." You have said the same, and Richard Goldstone, Constitutional Court Justice, said "the old wounds have not been closed. Most of them are septic and have to be cleansed." On the other hand, former Deputy President F.W. de Klerk has said that the commission's activities and the way that it is dealing with the past are rekindling polarization. Is the very reconciliation that you're trying to achieve threatened by the polarization coming out of the revelations of the past?

TUTU: No. One should ask people like de Klerk, "When you say it is opening up and exacerbating animosity, who are you talking about?" When we had the de Kock trial, some extraordinary facts emerged about the things done to our people. [Colonel de Kock ran the Vlakplaas Headquarters, site of the hit squads of the South African Police. He was found guilty and sentenced to several terms of life imprisonment, plus several more years. He has applied for amnesty.] Very few people attended that trial, even at the time when this guy was sentenced. Despite all of those revelations, that didn't egg our people on to an orgy of revenge. They had to accept that that is what the country did.

I noticed recently an article that referred to the mothers of the Gugulethu Seven [activists beaten and killed by South African authorities]. I just want to point out that our commission counseled the mothers and told them that a video we had is quite harrowing. But they said they wanted to see it. When we were viewing it, they became so incensed that one of the mothers threw a shoe at one of the police officers who was testifying. Afterwards they said it was horrible, horrible, horrible, but thank you because now we know what happened....One of the mothers, whose son was dragged with a rope, was asked how do you feel about the police? What would you like to do to this policeman who shot your son? She said, "I don't want anything to happen to him. I don't want him to go to jail. I forgive him." This is not the only incident of that kind.

So I want to ask Mr. de Klerk, if it is a fact that the commission was exacerbating feelings of animosity, how come people can still live in squalor, wake up in the morning and go to work in town, mainly working for white people who are affluent and have beautiful homes, salubrious surroundings, and at the end of the day, those people go back to the squalor—all of this and that they shouldn't say we've had enough of this, we've seen just how horrible these people are, and now we want our payback. No way.

The article doesn't speak about people like Brian Mitchell, the police officer whose orders resulted in the deaths of thirteen people. The commission got him because he said he wanted to do something to help rebuild, rehabilitate his community, and he went before the commission. Initially it was a very difficult meeting, but by the time he left, the victims' kin were waving to him. I don't claim that that is our work. It is not our work in a proprietary kind of sense. The most that we have done is to be facilitators. The people to whom we have to take off our hats are those who have been trampled underfoot, and by now are filled with anger and bitterness, and should be bent on revenge. And you see, just to add maybe one thing, many things have happened, many people have disappeared, but as a result of the amnesty applications, we've been able to find out where people who were secretly killed were buried. We've been able to exhume the bodies and help their families rebuild. The families have expressed remarkable appreciation, be-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Norrie Blaquart

Twelve Years Old in Bangkok

Gag the nightingale
Bruise the rose
Tear petals away
Wherever flowers grow.
Last night in a dream
I slept with my mother,
Then he woke me
The stranger
My ten-dollar lover.
A slash of the moon
Lay between us
Like a cool silver river,
And soon we were adrift
In pools so far away
I saw over his shoulder
My mother could no longer
Tread the flow.

cause it has helped a closure to take place.

I want to say again, please show me where the revelations and the work of the commission have led to a resurgence of race hatred, and I'll show you many, many instances of the opposite.

FERRARI: Archbishop, following that point, there are some people who say the commission is not neutral. I wonder how can a commission such as yours that is listening to the tales of the victims and holding hearings on the consequences of apartheid be neutral?

■ **TUTU:** The act requires that we be even-handed, but we are not waiting to be persuaded that somehow apartheid wasn't evil. Long ago, I said apartheid was evil in essence. So we're not waiting to get evidence that somehow we missed out and now the evidence demonstrates otherwise about the evil thing we fought. We are required to be even-handed in the sense that we must give everyone the opportunity to state their case. But we don't say that the victim is on the same moral plane as the perpetrator. That would outrage the moral nature of this community, the moral nature of the universe. We give the perpetrators every chance. The Nationalist party gets an equal chance to tell its story—why it wanted to have such a policy, and explain things from their perspective. We want to have their perspective. We want to hear their story. We are trying to get at the truth for the purpose of healing this land, and to find ways to ensure that the ghastly things that happened do not happen again, because we are passionate in our love for this country and its people, all included.

They never believed me, you see, when I told them this, when I said I am deeply committed to freedom. And it is freedom not for black people; it is freedom especially for white people. Because they are not completely free until we are free. Those are not just some slogans I like throwing around. They thought I was driven by political motives, and they believed that once you had this democracy, I would be seen holding down a particular position. I told them: "No, I am driven by my faith." So if something is wrong, I don't ask who has committed it, I say it is wrong. So they were surprised when I told President Nelson Mandela you can't have your gravy train. We are even-handed, but some don't want to believe it. They decided long before the commission started that it was going to be a witch-hunt.

A number in the white community hold on to the view despite the evidence. I said to the ANC, to no other party have I said I will resign if you hold on to a view that undermines our position. If that is how you feel about amnesty, I'll resign from this commission. I'm not here to play marbles. But I haven't said I will resign if you don't come before the commission. I was the chair when Mandela attended the hearing in Johannesburg. He arrived at a point when someone was accusing the ANC of atrocities in their camps. He sat through this tirade. We are independent. I was chosen because I was morally neutral. Any credibility that I might have comes from my fight against apartheid and against oppression. I don't make any apologies for that. They have a strange notion about what reconciliation is. They think that reconciliation is patting each other on the back and saying it's all right. Reconciliation is costly and it involves confrontation. Otherwise Jesus Christ would not have died on the cross. He came and achieved for us reconciliation. But he confronted people and caused division.

FERRARI: Archbishop, apart from reconciliation, black and white, the one province in South Africa whose immediate history challenges the principle of reconciliation is KwaZulu Natal. Articles in the daily press highlight the absence of Chief Buthelezi's Inkatha Freedom Party from participation in the work of the commission. One article implied Inkathas not only reject the commission but also participation in the process curtailing violence within the province. How upsetting is it to you and the work of the commission that Inkatha is not involved?

■ **TUTU:** Doctor Buthelezi's IFP from the onset has hardly cooperated with the commission, despite many appeals. We are distressed since reconciliation is something not just for the TRC but for all South Africans. We are, however, not surprised. Every political party, whenever some embarrassing revelation was likely to take place before the TRC, has attacked the commission to preempt that embarrassment.

It is an interesting coincidence that the most vehement

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opponents of the commission have tended to be those who benefited most from apartheid. We are sad that the IFP has abandoned its peace talks with the ANC in KwaZulu Natal. It would be ideal if the whole nation accepted the commission.

FERRARI: On another case, the *New York Times* [August 12] reported the opposition of Chris Hani's family to the possible granting of amnesty to his killers. [Hani, one of South Africa's most popular black leaders, was assassinated in 1993.] I was at Hani's funeral and remember your passionate homily praising him. Could amnesty be extended to Hani's killers, and under what condition?

■ TUTU: Yes, amnesty could be granted to Chris Hani's killers if their applications satisfied the conditions for granting amnesty.

FERRARI: Do you think that reconciliation is lasting for people whose life doesn't improve? That in this quest for transformation in South Africa, the people who don't have jobs, who don't have education, who don't have the houses—can those people still hold on to reconciliation and forgiveness?

■ TUTU: There are, of course, very, very severe strains, and it is crucial that people experience freedom as being qualitatively different from what was the case when they were oppressed. Therefore, I believe that housing, jobs, clean water, life, security are quite crucial. People will give up, not just on reconciliation, but on democracy if it doesn't deliver the goods.

FERRARI: How long would you say it would be before you could estimate the effectiveness of the commission? Months? Years?

■ TUTU: There are some things you can see in the short term but reconciliation is, in fact, a process. It will be down the line when one of the things that must be done, what they will talk about, is the change in the quality of life of people. When they can in fact say, "Yeah, I can be friends with you." In fact, we can be fellow South Africans. Race and ethnicity are irrelevant; I care about your best interest. The best that is for you, I shall strive for that myself. We can have a passion for human rights and have that culture. We are working against the status of apartheid, and whilst we don't want to keep using apartheid as a scapegoat, the fact of the matter is that much of what is happening now in terms of crime, to a large extent, could be blamed on what happened under apartheid, the kinds of beliefs we had in the apartheid era, the corruption. But we've all got to be saying now we've attained freedom, but that's just the beginning. Now we've got to roll up our sleeves and put our shoulders to the wheel to make this country work.

FERRARI: All gratefully acknowledge the contribution you have made over the years as a Christian, a theologian, and an active member of society. And there are now other theologians in South Africa who are talking about a theology of anger, how anger can help people come to grips with the future, particularly with regard to holding on to something of the past. If that's the case, how can people hold on to anger and forgive at the same time?

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■ TUTU: I think what you mean about anger is again acknowledging that such things happened and refusing amnesia. Because amnesia is the way to hell. There can be no future without forgiveness, and to ever forgive, you have to know what happened. In order for us not to repeat what happened to others, we've got to have a memory. Memory is quite, quite crucial. We must give everything that we have to help people remember. Remember for one thing, the cost of the freedom they have got, so that they will not devalue it. Remember the anguish they went through so that they don't inflict it on others. Remember in order for us to be human.

FERRARI: One final question. In the introduction to his book, *Reconciliation, the Search for Truth*, Kadar Asmal says that South Africa is now grappling successfully with the defining problem of the twentieth century. The problem is, as W.E.B. Dubois said, the problem of the color line. Is South Africa the place where nonracialism is taking hold? Does what's happening between blacks and whites in South Africa have a particular message for the United States?

■ TUTU: We want to avoid seeming like we've got blueprints which we're dishing out all over the place. I have to say for myself, you see, we are such an unlikely bunch. Nobody would ever have thought that South Africans would be held up as anything but an example of awfulness. I think it is part of God's sense of humor to say to the world: Now look

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at them. Remember who they are? They had a nightmare they called apartheid. It has ended. Your nightmare will end too. They had a problem which people said was intractable. They are solving it. So, Northern Ireland, Bosnia, Rwanda, wherever, your nightmare, your intractable problem will end. We are being asked already to intervene. I was invited to go to Australia where they are talking about reconciliation with the Aboriginies. I couldn't go but someone else did.

We were invited to the Rwanda delegation to help them as well. So there may be some things that could be applicable.

What I'm saying is, yes, until you find a way of dealing with the legacy of the past, you're going to constantly be shocked by the eruptions of racism. You see this in South Africa. After the end of the Boer War, the English and the Afrikaners didn't deal with it. Afrikaners had women killed in their concentration camps. They're always carrying that. It's there each time the Afrikaner and English meet. They have a warm relationship, but it is not really warm under the surface. The Afrikaner is always believing that unless he's got power, he's going to suffer the same thing he suffered as a result of their losing the Boer War. You didn't hear what the legacy is of this, what are the aches and pains, what did we do to each other. It doesn't just disappear; it goes into the fabric of your nation.

Now again, you get these eruptions. It isn't surprising that the incident seems to be so insignificant. A driver knocks somebody down, and it causes a riot. There's an end pain that I think might be felt. But we're not omniscient. We don't want to be prescriptive. We're just saying God seems to have blessed us in finding a way, which is not acceptable to everybody. That isn't surprising because it reveals the ghastliness. The interesting thing to note is who are the people most opposed to the commission. Mainly, it's not the victims. □

In Guatemala, half-way to healing

Following thirty-six years of bloody civil war in Guatemala—during which 1 million Guatemalans were displaced domestically, 250,000 fled abroad, 100,000 were killed, and 40,000 still remain unaccounted for—a UN-brokered peace was finally signed in December 1996 between the government of President Alvaro Arzu and rebel forces known as the *Unidad Revolucionaria Nacional Guatemalteca*.

Unlike South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission (*see* above), the Guatemalan accord called for an ambiguous means to deal with atrocities committed during the war. (Since the peace settlement, international teams of anthropologists and medical personnel have documented nearly 500 mass graves in the country, most of them constructed by the Guatemalan military to bury slaughtered villagers.) Over the objections of many indigenous Guatemalans and international human-rights groups, such as Amnesty International, who wanted a full investigation of all war crimes, the peace accord created a weak process for uncovering and adjudicating the past. For example, the settlement let stand a 1984 government amnesty that exempted its security forces from responsibility for acts committed in the war, and extended the life of the Commission to Clarify the Violation of Human Rights, a weak committee established in 1994 to investigate human-rights violations with no authority to charge individuals accused of violations.

But all was not lost. Human-rights activists prevailed on the Catholic church to establish a commission to uncover and record what had transpired during the war. Named the Project for the Recovery of Historical Memory (and known by its Spanish acronym, REMHI), it is modeled in a limited sense on the South African Truth commission. But there are crucial differences: REMHI is not a governmental entity and does not interface with the country's judicial system. Still, according to Edgar Gutierrez, REMHI's director, the project has created a means for Guatemalans to come to terms with their past. "First we have to overcome the community's fear of speaking out," Gutierrez told a gathering at American University in Washington, D.C., last June. While a genuine sense of domestic tranquillity has yet to be established in Guatemala, he noted, Guatemalans "have been given a political space, which they can use to recover their dignity." REMHI, working through local parishes, has carefully chosen 600 "animators" who have been trained to take the tape-recorded testimony of victims or their families. The animators speak the local languages and have taken a vow of confidentiality. According to Gutierrez, they have "succeeded in making people who give their testimony feel as if they were undergoing a kind of resurrection....What we have built up is a chain based on trust." The testimonies have been translated and transcribed at fourteen regional offices. A report detailing REMHI's findings will be released this fall.

While there is no guarantee that any Guatemalan human-rights violators will be brought to justice, Gutierrez believes the REMHI testimony will help Guatemalans "to heal and have something to live for. As the people recount their suffering, they have a chance to recuperate and to realize they have certain basic human rights." And most important, "a new generation will then be able to learn from them and to say, 'Never again!'" HARVEY FIRESIDE

Harvey Fireside is a visiting fellow at the Institute for European Studies, Cornell University.

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A.J. Bacevich

WAR & REMEMBRANCE

On not forgiving Robert S. McNamara

For most people who labor in the imperial capital, chance meetings with notables are a side benefit of the job. Not for me. Thus my surprise just before noon on a recent Saturday to come upon one of the most notable, if notorious, Washingtonians of them all: Robert Strange McNamara. He was lunching alone at a table for two in the Old Ebbitt Grill, devouring a fulsomely garnished hamburger, washing it down with a mug of coffee.

He is an old man now, just turned eighty-one, his skin mottled and almost translucent. Age has blurred and softened his features. For all that, he remains instantly recognizable: the hair thinner but still slicked back, the eyes unmistakable—quick, alert, penetrating—framed by the trademark rimless spectacles. For those of us who served in Vietnam, McNamara remains a never-to-be forgotten figure. He was, as David Halberstam would write, "the can-do man in the can-do society, in the can-do era." The McNamara who presided over the Pentagon as secretary of defense was also smarter than the rest of us: precise, analytical, and self-assured. As a result, amidst the various knaves and bunglers who penetrated the war, he alone among officials at the very top saw disaster coming.

Thus, by his own admission, McNamara had concluded by late 1965—that is, within six months of American combat troops first landing in Vietnam—that the war was unwinnable. To persist was to plunge into an ever more costly stalemate. Armed with that conclusion, he withheld it. Steadfastly loyal to his president, he betrayed everyone else. He became a Judas goat, leading the unwary toward the slaughterhouse, resolutely shipping the *lumpen soldaten* to Southeast Asia. There, in the tall grass and the jungle, many would fall and the rest would return home to endure the sullen contempt of their fellow citizens, all to no purpose.

By 1968, with the war having brought the nation to the brink of nervous collapse, McNamara simply moved on. He became president of the World Bank, devoted himself to nuclear disarmament and other worthy causes, and finally, after decades of silence, published a "mistakes were made" memoir.

Around Georgetown or Kalorama, no doubt, he remains "Bob." One imagines that he still attends smart Washington dinner parties. From time to time, he graces some conference convened to consider weighty matters. As self-anointed minister of national reconciliation, he parlays with former adversaries in Russia, Cuba, and Vietnam, as if to consign all the nastiness of the cold war to some vast misunderstanding now happily put to rest.

Outside of elite circles, meanwhile, he ranks among the most reviled living Americans. In our dizzily multicultural society, detesting Robert McNamara may be one of the few surviving remnants of a common civic culture, uniting citizens regardless of race, class, ethnicity, or sexual orientation.

Thus to stumble onto Robert McNamara two blocks from the White House feasting on a sandwich seemed to call for some action. But what? Angry denunciation? An insult discreetly uttered while passing his table? An offer to trade war stories? I did not know. Flustered, I simply walked out.

That night I called on an old friend, another veteran of Mr. McNamara's war. It was a painful visit. Just two years earlier, my friend's only son—himself a young soldier of unusual promise—had been killed in a training accident at Fort Hood. Night maneuvers, an unseen ditch, a moment of confusion inside a dark and crowded turret, and an Abrams tank suddenly lay upside down in a shallow pool of water.

The son's death had shattered the family. In this household, to use the currently fashionable term, there had been no "closure." Nor was there ever likely to be. My friend and his wife had rejected altogether any thought of putting their son's death behind them, of "getting on" with their lives—at least so it seemed to me. Instead, they had chosen prolonged mourning. They would not even for an instant let go of his memory.

Driving back toward Washington that night I thought about my friend's family and again about my unsettling encounter with Robert McNamara.

In the relaxed, prosperous summer of 1997, bitter memories about a distant war have become unseemly. After all, the market is up, crime and unemployment are down, and our fourth graders are doing us proud in math and science. The world is (more or less) at peace. In Hanoi, an American ambassador has been warmly received; lucrative trade deals will follow. At home, the government busies itself with initiatives to perfect Bill Clinton's America: apologizing for slavery, saving children from the curse of tobacco, and eliminating the scourge of defective government-mandated automobile air bags.

In Bill Clinton's America, it may be bad form and it is no doubt ahistorical to persist in holding McNamara accountable for all of the dishonesty, hubris, and waste that was the Vietnam War. Others were no less to blame. Yet singling out McNamara for peculiar responsibility serves a crucially important function. Once the Judas goat who misled the innocent, McNamara has since become America's scapegoat. It is his peculiar role to shoulder the burden of guilt for Vietnam. Yet unlike the scapegoat described in Leviticus, we have not cast him into the desert in order to expiate sin. Rather we allow him to roam freely among us, the awareness of his presence and his occasionally fleeting appearances rekindling outrage. For those dedicated to the proposition that with Vietnam there should be no closure—no coming to terms, no letting bygones be bygones, no forgetting the bright hopes and dreams so abominably snuffed out—McNamara remains an irreplaceable sustaining force. For that, at least, I might have thanked him. □

A.J. Bacevich *is executive director of the Foreign Policy Institute at the Paul H. Nitze School of Advanced International Studies in Washington, D.C.*

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COMMONWEAL

The Next Generation

As *Commonweal*'s endowment campaign enters its third year, here's a progress report: There's been quite a lot of it. Contributions and pledges to the Edward S. Skillin Endowment Fund now total more than $450,000. That means we are brushing up against the half-way mark to our goal of $1,000,000!

When we add this achievement to the remarkable response generated by our recent appeal for help in avoiding homelessness, we have reason for overflowing gratitude. Contributions to the endowment tell us that current readers/subscribers share our concern that this independent forum will survive to serve the "next generation" in the new century. It's worth noting that several Catholic colleges and universities have contributed to the Endowmen Fund, suggesting that they see the journal as a form of continuing education for their graduates. A sound perception.

The Endowment campaign focuses on larger gifts and asset transfers through financial instruments such as remainder trusts, charitable annuities, wills, and insurance policies. Such philanthropic gifts can be of financial benefit to the giver, often allowing a tax deduction while interest on the asset is paid.

Almost half-way is nice, but there are still miles to go before we reap. We ask those who have already contributed to encourage other friends of the magazine to join the fun.

Fun? Yes; you can learn, as others have, that talking about the campaign with **Endowment Chair Dennis O'Brien** is not only painless but pleasurable. Write him at *Commonweal*, 475 Riverside Drive, Room 405, New York, N.Y. 10115.

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SMILE, WHEN YOU SAY 'LAITY'

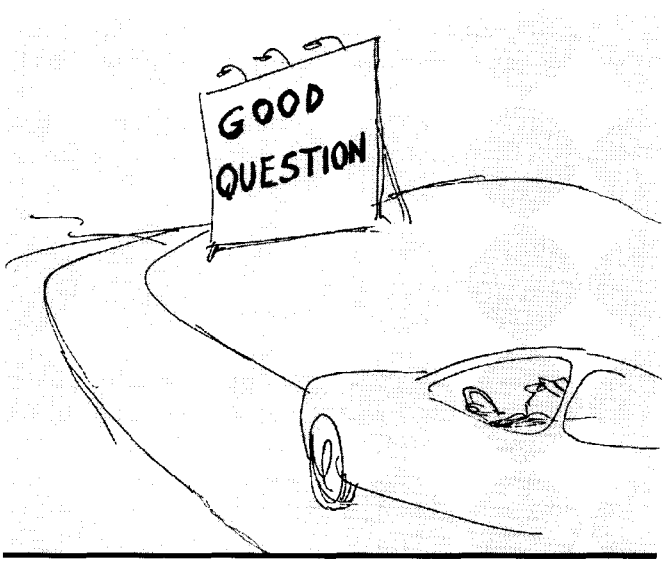
The hidden triumph of the consumer ethos

Eugene McCarraher

"We already run the church." Reacting to Charles Morris's question on women's ordination, Joan Peters of Saint Cecilia Parish in Houston could have been speaking about the American Catholic laity (*see, Commonweal*, "A Tale of Two Dioceses," June 6, 1997). Though the reality and depth of the laity's victory may be obscured in certain ways, I want to argue in this essay that the laity have emerged triumphant in the course of a velvet revolution in U.S. Catholicism. Without the usual manifestoes and vehicles—the expropriation of the means of salvation and declarations of principles, grievances, and announcements of a new era—this lay revolution has now overcome or marginalized most pockets of resistance to its victory. Unlike other successes that have many parents, this one is an orphan. Liberals, fearful that a gray, frosty Thermidor threatens the tender plants given life by the spirit of Vatican II, do not recognize how successful their efforts have been. Conservatives, whose pandemonial scenarios reflect at least a sense that something monumental has occurred, do not see how they themselves have fostered this lay revolution, indeed, represent one of its most powerful elements. Yet unless we recognize and come to grips with this revolution, we are in danger of misunderstanding and misconceiving the challenges facing the U.S. Catholic church in the twenty-first century.

The most open and yet best-kept secret of the revolution has been the identity of its partisans. U.S. Catholics of the professional and managerial classes have been in the vanguard of the American *aggiornamento* and they now set the tone for much of the Catholic church in the United States. Their participation in the national culture of expertise, consumption, and therapeutic spirituality marks the triumph of a new American Catholic religious culture: a Starbucks Catholicism embodied in a Church Mellow.

This "lay" revolution has been a century in the making. The first wave of insurgency arose around the turn of this century (at the same time, not coincidentally, as the Populist and Progressive movements), as several lay congresses met to encourage among laity and clergy a greater "confidence in the intelligence and motives of laymen," in the words of Henry Brownson (1835–1913). These congresses (including Negro Catholic congresses, which augured a racial liberalism that was to be a defining feature of the lay movements) paralleled the crises of "Americanism" and "Modernism." Together, these episodes constituted both an imbroglio over the place of the laity in the American church and a harbinger of the laity's future class-character. Isaac Hecker (1819–88) wrote in *The Church and the Age* (1887) of his hope that Catholicism would prove "compatible with a high degree of liberty and intelligence." This, coupled with the declaration of Modernist cleric William Sullivan (1872–1935) that Modernism bore the religious fruit of "the American spirit in the political and social order," marked the clearest challenge to clerical hegemony since the lay trustee controversy at the beginning of the nineteenth century. But where lay trustees had appealed mainly to republican ideals of self-government and constitutional democracy, Americanist appeals to "intelligence," as well as Modernist praise for "disinterested scientific inquiry," pointed to the nascent culture of corporate professionalism and its ideals of expertise and service. When Bishop John Ireland (1838–1918) complained that "there is, on the part of Catholic laymen, too much dependence on priests" and enjoined Catholics to lead "wherever intelligence is at work"—"in literature, in scientific inquiry, in the management of large enterprises"—he prophesied



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the ascendancy of the professional-managerial bloc in American Catholicism.

While Vatican condemnations of Americanism and Modernism at the beginning of the twentieth century temporarily aborted this movement, they did not prevent the development of a clerical cohort of social-service professionals—Monsignor John A. Ryan (1869–1945) of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and Monsignor William Kerby (1870–1936), head of the sociology department at The Catholic University, most prominent among them—who, dedicated to the scientifically informed solution of social problems, prefigured a lay middle class informed by a gospel of professional expertise. Moreover, the Vatican itself promoted the second, and in many ways pivotal, stage of the lay revolution: encouraging the development of the lay apostolate movement between the First and Second World Wars. Conceived to counter the appeal of communism and socialism to industrial workers, the lay apostolate—along with the reformist politics of Catholic Action—assumed a prominent if carefully circumscribed place in U.S. Catholic religious culture. However benevolent and supportive of the laity in the fostering of racial integration, the creation of the CIO, and the emergence of a vigorous female cohort that included Dorothy Day, Catherine de Hueck, and members of the Grail, the clergy exercised a very real power in Catholic Action movements. Nonetheless, the lay apostolate provided both a substantial experience of lay power and, perhaps even more significantly, an explicit theological blessing of lay initiative.

The laity remained circumscribed, however, because they lacked a legitimate cultural warrant to invoke against the clergy. Lay Catholic intellectuals (especially in the circles of *Commonweal* and the *Catholic Worker*) possessed a broadly humanist cultural capital which linked and subordinated them to the clergy at the same time that it made them potentially formidable rivals. Working-class Catholics, the focal figures of the Catholic Action movements, were in the beginning stages of emerging from the brick-and-mortar ghettos and entering the broader American culture of consumption—a culture which, however pervasive, had not yet achieved a mass critical enough among Catholics to make it an alternative source of values and symbols. Thus priests retained virtually unquestioned authority because the laity did not yet have a sufficiently independent and liquid form of cultural capital.

In the decades after World War II, as the sons and daughters of the CIO generation entered the educational, residential, and technological mainstream, that cultural capital fell into the hands of more and more American Catholics. The burgeoning of a Catholic professional middle class—possessing, in its panoply of expertise, a form of accredited knowledge that rivaled the venerable wisdom of the clergy—marks the third and continuing movement of the lay revolution. The "layman"— organization man, technopolitan knight of faith, and darling of two successive generations of Catholic intellectuals—emerged from suburban sidewalks with his cross, his briefcase, and his ballpoint pen that parted the clerical waters. "Westchester County," the Reverend Andrew Greeley predicted in *The Church and the Suburbs* (1959), would be a "seedbed for future prophets." Jesuit Walter Ong's prospect of *Frontiers in American Catholicism* (1957) included an "apostolate of the business world" to replace the working-class apostolate. Daniel Callahan, then an editor at *Commonweal*, probing *The Mind of the Catholic Layman* (1963), observed that the layman was now "judged in terms of his professional skills" and predicted that this mobile prophet, deprived of all the ghetto's "props," would be less dependent on priests and even on his faith community, relying instead on "his personal integrity and his power to sustain his values." *Ave Maria* editor Donald Thorman—who described *The Emerging Layman* (1962) as "a junior executive-type businessman on his way up"—likened the "laity" to third-world partisans of national liberation, "newly formed nations who have just won independence from a colonial power."

This post-World War II celebration of the layman proved prophetic in two important ways. It envisioned a new clerical sidekick for the new layman, one who met, in Callahan's words, "rising expectations of clerical excellence." This new priest would stand at the hub of a finely reticulated ensemble of parish experts and be a "quarterback," as Greeley put it, "who calls the signals and then cooperates with the rest of the team." American Catholic religious culture assumed a more therapeutic, corporate-consumerist cast in these prefigurative writings, one more accommodating of the personal elasticity required of organizationally and geographically mobile professionals. The propless professional would need an "easy adaptability," one *Commonweal* writer asserted in 1957, while Greeley speculated on the array of "spiritualities" that would be open to Catholics in different walks of life—a notion quite amenable to the "lifestyles" consumed by rootless suburbanites.

Thus, Vatican II marked a culmination rather than a commencement, a consolidation of forces at work in the U.S. Catholic church throughout the twentieth century. Exhorted to "enter into the world"—a world they were already involved in destroying and creating—those laity who acquired a (not entirely unprecedented) theological purchase were the professional and managerial classes from whom the postwar image of the layman had been fashioned. In his report on the Council sessions in *The Open Church* (1964), Michael Novak praised "the articulate layman" located in "the university, in the business world, and among the professional men of the parish" as the cross-bearer of a new witness to "a world come of age," in the chic Bonhoefferesque parlance of the time.

This rhetoric of maturity, which comported well with the gray-flanneled mien of Catholic professionals and their intellectual spokesmen, gave way, in the 1960s and '70s, to a rhetoric of "creativity," "openness," "honesty,"and "flexibility"—key words shared by cultural radicals and corporate mar-

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keters, both of whom envisioned a future of psychic and material abundance. This vision of abundance that energized the assaults on clerical authority in the '60s was part of a larger Catholic front organized against poverty, racism, male supremacy, and the military-industrial complex. It also helped to sweep aside much of the rickety spirituality of the preconciliar church: As Garry Wills wrote in *Bare Ruined Choirs* (still moving and provocative after twenty-five years), the greatest threat to faith "is not doubt, but pretending to believe."

Yet as the professional middle class's own self-understanding and self-representation has shifted over the last three decades from staid conformist to breezy rebel—part of the broader corporate cooptation of cultural rebellion that Thomas Frank has dubbed "the conquest of cool"—so the matrices of the laity have shifted from IBM, the Great Society, and the underground church to the Starbucks chain, the consumer dreamland of infinite choice and abundant lifestyles. Most of the sea changes that have transpired in American Catholicism since the midsixties—in liturgy, gender conventions, sexual mores, and priest-laity relations—have been variously initiated, scuttled, or corrupted among the college-trained, technoburban, consumerist enclaves of the flock, and it seems likely that these zones of professional and managerial culture will become only more powerful in the twenty-first century.

This overview and my argument—perhaps a bit breezy themselves at points—are meant to provide a challenge to the way we conceptualize the problems facing the Catholic church in the United States in the next century. We especially need to contest the idea that the current confusion and drift derive from a horde of "new class" iconoclasts. The *enragés* who, in this view, now abound in the cultural apparatus of American Catholicism, are in fact the counterparts of others, paid much more highly and lavishly, to be "critical" and "iconoclastic": scientists, engineers, doctors, lawyers, advertisers, executives, and managers. What all of these people share as a matter of occupational outlook is a commitment to inquisitiveness, innovation, and a rather narrow conception of rationality—exercised, for the most part, for individual or corporate profit. Since, as I have tried to suggest, the lay revolution has dovetailed with the broader history of corporate capitalism in modern America, the confusion and defiance among American Catholics must be seen as deriving from the cultural transformations wrought by that history.

Consider, for instance, the rhetorical portfolio usually managed by liberal Catholics: "inclusiveness," "diversity," "empowerment," "choice." These key words have arisen from the corporate culture of *fin-de-siècle* America, where "options" and "flexibility"—not "rigid" and "confining" "limits"—are the discursive amulets crafted in numerous seminars, workshops, conferences, and advertising campaigns. Thus, they are routinely employed by conservatives as well, who use them to bless the freedom supposedly afforded by the marketplace, and who themselves brook no interference from clerics who write pastoral letters on economic justice and nuclear weapons. William Buckley's "Mater Si, Magistra No!" helped to pave the way for Frances Kissling. Underneath their differences, Anna Quindlen with her ideal "church of choice" and Michael Novak with his "theology of the corporation" are votaries of this upscale, therapeutic agora in values and ethics—the bazaar of Starbucks Catholicism.

Starbucks Catholics have found their spiritual preceptors, not among Dorothy Day, Thomas Merton, or Daniel Berrigan, but among the self-help, inspirational crowd of Marianne Williams, Deepak Chopra, M. Scott Peck, Paul Wilkes, and Thomas Moore—all very popular with Catholic readers. Open Moore's *Care of the Soul* and the professionalized, therapeutic quality of Starbucks Catholicism soon becomes evident. Moore's "guide" is clearly aimed, not at truck drivers or data-entry temps, but at his fellow fatigued professionals whose "ambition for success and perfection in work drives us on." Moore's conception of work bears all the signs of high-minded, romantic professionalism: "our work has found us," he swoons, and "we are loved by our work"—mites of wisdom he has never tested, I'd wager, among migrant workers, sweatshop children, or the cubicled denizens in corporate offices.

The care of the soul that Moore recommends for this foul rag-and-bone suite of the heart entails neither social and political change (too Catholic Actiony, blue-collar, and judgmental, that), nor even devotion to a complete personal transformation, but rather attention to "one's own moral sensibility," a search for goodness "without striving for perfection or salvation." Just as at Starbucks, we can choose from a variety of flavors (Meister Eckhart, Greek mythology, t'ai chi, Jungian psychology); we have complete consumer sovereignty (for we are "the curates and curators of our own souls"); and we're under no pressure (since nobody's "striving for perfection"—except maybe the harried, underpaid counter help). Wilkes's "good enough Catholic" is a similarly low-intensity disciple in this Church Mellow, an anti-ideal paralleled in the latest "nondirective," "nonhierarchical" theories of corporate management.

Indeed, I recently learned that my own parish council is studying the "Total Quality Management" principles of the avuncular business guru, W. Edwards Deming, the Teilhard of corporate America. TQM is the most fully developed specimen of corporate therapeutics yet devised, replete with *faux*-zen aphorisms, hosannas to interrelatedness, optimization, and system, and lots of amiable psycho-noodling about flow. (Deming also refers a lot to Saint Paul's notion of the Mystical Body, which becomes in TQM an exemplary model of corporate structure.) Now I don't know if or how the parish council intends to actually use this stuff, but I think it suggests two things. Given *opportunity* by the priest shortage and *legitimation* by Vatican II, the professional-managerial laity now possesses a wrestler's hold on the clerical imagination. Moreover, the laity who will be inheriting even more of the real power in the U.S. Catholic church are well-schooled in the therapeutic, increasingly "spiritualized" culture of corporate life.

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Lest my example be dismissed as merely local, let me refer to two other communities: Washington, D.C.'s Holy Trinity Parish, chronicled recently by Jim Naughton in *Catholics in Crisis* (Addison-Wesley), and the Saginaw, Michigan, diocese recently described by Charles Morris in *American Catholic* (Times Books). The largely professional middle-class Holy Trinity, Naughton tells us, trusts "the spiritual integrity and moral judgment of its parishioners." Nothing objectionable in that: Indeed, one could say that a parish can't do anything else. Yet Naughton also enlightens us about the nature of that integrity and judgment. Many of Holy Trinity's parishioners, he writes, contest certain church teachings because they are "theologically suspect, psychologically harmful, and detrimental to the vitality of the church." These last two criteria are eminently therapeutic: Psychological harm is a valid but also elastic criterion (would the Jesus who begged to be relieved of his cup have been excused on this ground?); and vitality, while certainly attractive and indispensable, is also empty in the absence of boundary and direction.

In Saginaw (whose small farms and heavy industry make it an even better example), the nonhierarchical, therapeutic hegemony of professionals is even more clear. (Morris notes of his Lincoln, Nebraska, counterexample that its conservatism is not "widely replicable," and that in any case conservatives, too, now at least "say all the right things about participatory structures.") In Saint Mary's Church, Saginaw, pews have been replaced by "individual cushioned chairs and kneelers" around an altar at the center of the church. "Very attractive," Morris comments, but "with a secular feel, like Mount Vernon or the renovated Washington D.C. train station"—or like the offices and suites of corporate workplaces. Moreover, the "pastoral administrator" (Greeley's quarterback in the age of the priest shortage) runs the parish, if not with an iron hand, then certainly with velvet gloves. Sister Honora Remes's leadership, in Morris's portrait, is the picture of the "nondirective" style now in vogue throughout corporate life: Aiming at a "participatory parish," Remes, a "good listener," leads discussions that are "perfectly open."

Yet as Morris observes, "'participatory' is not quite the same as democratic," noting further that Remes's strong personality leads her to dominate "almost without being aware of it." Remes's style suggests that the vertical authority of male priests will be supplemented if not supplanted by the horizontal authority of female laity as women come to effectively run the church in the twenty-first century. It also suggests that horizontal modes of authority have their own forms of authoritarianism, ones that operate through interpersonal relationships rather than top-down dictation. As in the corporate world from which so many parishes now take their counseling and administrative cues, the vaunted diversity of the lay-controlled church may turn out to be a wholly fabricated pluralism, one that belies the promise of greater devotion and democracy that resides in the heart of the lay revolution.

For the triumph of the Church Mellow has not been an entirely unfortunate event. In its wake have come a host of changes that genuinely deserve the name of progress: forceful challenges to superstition, to spurious faith, and to clerical obscurantism and authoritarianism; an exemplary record of racial liberalism; and, perhaps most significantly, a greater welcoming of women as full and equal partners with men in the work of salvation. Yet the animating discourse of the Church Mellow—"the laity," "democracy in the church," "openness," etc.—has become a new species of cant, an ideological mist that obscures the new power relations in American Catholicism, just as surely as their kindred key words cover the lines of power in American society.

The problems now are not lay conformity, the curmudgeonly priest who rants about birth control, or the preconciliar specter of Mother Angelica. The problems are the choice and diversity whose insistent assertion is an unmistakable sign of their phoniness; the evasion that hides behind the genuine truth of "the doubt inseparable from faith;" the erosion among Catholics of a sense of history and tradition, both of which are essential for any vision beyond the glittering imperium of consumer culture. If the lay revolution succeeds merely in reproducing the marketplace ethos and managerially orchestrated diversity of corporate America, it will only prove to have been one of history's more pyrrhic victories. □

Daniel Daly
Orphans

The guardian is asleep
dogging the lacy upstairs rooms
with his heavy, canine presence.
His teeth drip like knives.

We have been running the stairs,
the closets and the storage areas,
diving on dust in the basement
accumulations of furniture,

until we slip like fish
into a tank of water
into that sleep, his sleep
where dreams proved cloudy,
rainy-day, misted dreams
until one clears like tap water
let stand. We see ourselves

plastered in the back of the van
to ice cream, our eyes rolling
our hair poking up straight,
our mouths bleeding
on the way with vanilla
to nowhere north in particular.

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SCREEN

Richard Alleva

MELODRAMAS THAT WORK

'Ulee's Gold' and 'Mrs. Brown'

How nonviolent and unlurid can a melodrama be and yet remain a melodrama? *Ulee's Gold*, written and directed by Victor Nunez, provides a test case. Its plot has a kinship to the storylines of other melodramas about solid citizens trying to protect their homes from human predators—*Cape Fear*, *Straw Dogs*, *The Desperate Hours*. A Florida beekeeper, Ulysses "Ulee" Jackson, has freeze-dried his emotions after the death of his wife and the imprisonment of his son for armed robbery. Only his pride in his apiary and his love for his two granddaughters link him to life. When a couple of criminal associates of his son, believing (correctly) that the younger Jackson had stashed away some loot before his arrest, close in on Ulee and his girls to pressure the beekeeper into locating the money for them, Ulee, a veteran once traumatized by the slaughter of his platoon in Vietnam, now faces violence again. But this time, fighting for loved ones and winning the friendship of a humane and attractive neighbor, he renews his appetite for life and helps to reunite his family.

The cinematic flesh on these bare bones of melodramatic narrative is anything but melodramatic. Far from pumping sinister atmosphere into the Florida setting, cinematographer Virgil Milano's camera seems entranced, even somewhat dazed by the sunlight and heat it renders. The details of beekeeping and honey extraction are peripheral to the storyline (Ulee doesn't unleash a swarm to sting the villains to death), but they nicely convey the feel of a life supported and justified by sweat and ache. And none of the characterizations is sensationalized. Ulee, roused to action, is intrepid enough, but like Gary Cooper in *High Noon*, he is an aging man whose body hobbles him in the fight against young punks. The crooks aren't demonic masterminds but only stupid thugs way in over their heads, yet this movie forcefully reminds us that the evil of stupid thugs can wreak more than enough havoc. The neighborly love interest, though handsome, is frankly fortyish, unapologetic about her two divorces, and endowed with enough sense to call the police when her man drives off to face danger alone.

Victor Nunez's very real directorial gift is not for violence or suspense but for giving us unexpected glimpses of people teetering on the verge of emotion. For instance, the neighbor, a nurse, makes her first major entrance into the story when she is hustled by the granddaughters into Ulee's house to help their drug-wrecked mother. We see all this from a distance, through a window. Dragging her feet but with real concern on her face for the kids, the nurse is a study in reluctant decency, and the camera's distance from her face is an inextricable part of the scene's diffident pathos.

Is *Ulee's Gold*, then, not a melodrama at all but a Chekhovian character study? No, for the story finally depends on action and sheer fortuitousness rather than character or the working out of a theme. A knife-thrust must be misaimed and a shrewd cop must be in the right place at the right time for everything to come out O.K. The various loose ends are tied together (or at least bunched up in a ball of circumstantial yarn) with the same improbability you find in more sensational films. Yet *Ulee's Gold* is a rarity: a lulling melodrama, an uninflated crime story. In the overheated summer of *Con Air* and *Face/Off*, it's as refreshing as a glass of Florida orange juice.

And having been refreshed, the critics proceeded to heat themselves up by overpraising the movie, rightly extolling Nunez's lithe direction but overlooking his often pedestrian and predictable writing. Overpraised, too, was Peter Fonda's performance, which is always believable but never quite vivid enough in the lead role. I found two performances in the supporting cast more arresting. Tim Wood, as Ulee's son, is like a seemingly sturdy bell that cracks upon its first toll. As the neighbor, Patricia Richardson, a middle-aged beauty with

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a strong, stubborn jaw, fills her rather sketchy role with sheer humanity. When, with a piquant mixture of kindness and mockery in her eyes, she tells Ulee that he's "almost a good man, but you try too hard," you know she's going to be a bigger challenge to our hero than a whole snakepit of crooks.

Another movie about thawed humanity is *Mrs. Brown*, directed by John Madden. The title is the scandal-mongering nickname given to Queen Victoria when, after the death of Prince Albert, her spirit was revived by the Scottish servant, John Brown. Their (probably) platonic relationship raised the "*gillie*" (body servant) to *de facto* mastery of the queen's country retreat in the Highlands, Balmoral, but was ultimately of greater benefit, first to Victoria by restoring her sanity and popularity, and then to Prime Minister Disraeli, who could use the monarch as an ally against Gladstonian liberalism.

This film is sufficiently handsome (is Scotland the most photogenic country in Europe or is Italy?), sufficiently humorous, and sufficiently well-paced. But how compelling is sufficiency? The destination of each scene becomes clear before it is twenty-seconds old. That in itself is not a fault. Victorian novelists often announced the purpose of each chapter with headings like "In which the hero discovers that his betrothed has not been entirely candid," but the drama of the chapter lies in the psychological subtleties that emerge on the way to that destination. Not so with the writing of *Mrs. Brown*. The poignancy of the dialogue for the Brown-Victoria scenes is of a prechewed emotionality, just as the lines written for Disraeli have the gloss of wit without any of the pith.

I often had the impression that I was watching the final installment of a long PBS TV saga. (Indeed, *Mrs. Brown* is a "Masterpiece Theater" project but strictly a one-shot venture.) Brown's emotional ascendancy over the queen seemed achieved much too quickly, considering that she barely seems to know him at the movie's beginning. From Simon Schama's *New Yorker* (August 11) article about these events I learn that Victoria actually had an attachment to Brown before Albert's death. Couldn't this background have been worked into the film with or without flashbacks? And what was Brown's background? How did this *gillie* have the nerve to take over the Balmoral household without official permission from the queen? If history books don't hold the answers, why didn't the filmmakers invent some, especially since parts of this movie are pure speculation anyway? (The beating of Brown by some bravos, as well as the circumstance in which the *gillie* contracts his mortal illness.)

The only munificent thing in this movie is the acting. As Victoria, Judi Dench is the most noble dumpling of them all. Billy Connolly, reputedly a comic star in England, makes Brown a figure of controlled, channeled wildness. Antony Sher doesn't just wear the devilish goatee of Disraeli; he really makes that brilliant dandy a benevolent Mephisto. □

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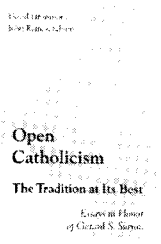

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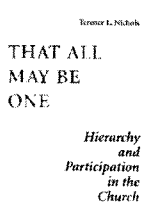

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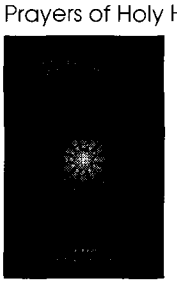

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Celia Wren

AFTER APARTHEID

Lincoln Center's 'Woza Afrika!'

What happens when you run out of enemies? This plaintive question, uttered by one of the protean figures in the recent South African one-act *White Men with Weapons*, might have been the catalyst for the Woza Afrika! series presented at this summer's Lincoln Center Festival. From an evocation of a mass hanging, to the pageantry of Zulu warriors, to a sketch of a Nike delivery truck hijacked with a banana, the images from these South African plays responded to the tantalizing question: Where can the country's theater go now that apartheid is dead?

Back in the days before Nelson Mandela was released, politics and protest fueled South Africa's dynamic theater scene. The works of Athol Fugard, the musical *Sarafina!*, and other exports—including the plays that found their way to the original Woza Afrika! series during Lincoln Center's 1986-87 season—acquainted American audiences with a dramatic tradition that aimed far beyond entertainment. South African playwrights aspired to challenge, educate, and, in some mystical way, empower their audiences, and by so doing to strike a blow against the country's regime. With the cultural boycott an obstacle to the staging of foreign plays, it was sometimes difficult to find a South African production that did *not* deal with politics.

Critics, back in the old dispensation, might carp that "protest" plays preached to the converted, soothing the consciences of liberal audiences, often largely white, with a few hours of token moral indignation. Some artists, too, resented the pressure to launch an anti-authoritarian skirmish on every single stage. From an aesthetic point of view, in any case, protest theater's effects were less significant than its premise; the widespread conviction of playwrights, directors, and actors that their work could change society made theater contagiously exciting.

Entangled as American thespians can be in discourse about funding woes, the kitsch factor on Broadway, or financial squabbles like the recent lawsuit over the *Rent* profits, it may be difficult for us to imagine a situation where theater seems urgent. But in the "old" South Africa it did, and the atmosphere could be intoxicating. The Lincoln Center Festival's object, in mounting a new Woza Afrika! series composed of recent plays, was to show how South African dramatists feel, so to speak, on the morning after.

History has swept away apartheid's most obvious outrages, and the formerly stark moral chiaroscuro has absorbed the spectrum of gray. Blame for the country's ongoing problems—vast inequities in wealth, high unemployment, crime, and vicious cycles of violence, for example—is less easy to place. It is not surprising that the plays at Lincoln Center seemed to be groping through these new conditions.

Creative works that wander outside the art-for-art's sake encampment must subscribe to one end of the old dichotomy: art as mirror, or as lamp. Either the work must reveal society to itself, perhaps motivating it to change, or else it must beam a light onto its path. In the world of South African theater, the recent selection of plays suggests, the mirror has misted and the lamp shines at a lower wattage.

Glimmers of protest-theater urgency did brighten this summer's Woza Afrika: After Apartheid. It is surely no accident, for example, that all the actors moved with an ease and extravagance of gesture rarely seen on an American stage. This was particularly evident in the three one-person shows, whose apparently inexhaustible actors conjured scenes and people out of nothing.

In the beguiling comic sketches of Paul Slabolepszy's *Once a Pirate*, for example, Seputla Sebogodi, playing the fanatical soccer fan Goodyear Mamabolo, created a whole stadium out of an ice cream cooler and a bouncing orange. *Once a Pirate* (directed by Lara Foot) touched on serious issues—racial injustice, the global village's stealth attack on traditional African culture—but defused them with humor, as in the mo-

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ment when, aiming to charm a discriminatory landlord, Goodyear donned sunglasses, a baseball jacket, and an absurdly charming grin, and swaggered up to the door claiming to be an *American* black (die-hard South African "racialists" have often regarded African-Americans as honorary whites). A similarly humorous approach guided *White Men with Weapons*, actor and writer Greig Coetzee's hilarious satire of his months in the South African Defense Force (directed by Garth Anderson).

Other productions hewed more closely to the protest theater model. While Magi Nonzini Williams's one-character play *Ma-Dladla's Beat*, about a resilient woman's struggle to make ends meet, focused on themes like marriage and motherhood, it didn't shrink from socioeconomics. "The rich are still rich, the poor still poor," chanted actress Delly Malinga, wearing red leg warmers, as she recalled a Zulu protest march with the jogging dance steps habitually used by South African demonstrators. With its domestic vignettes veering off toward panoramas of a society in flux, *Ma-Dladla's Beat* had the zeal and rather heavy sincerity of an earlier theatrical era.

Running in double bill with *Ma-Dladla's Beat* was a one-act even more typical of the old mode: *Bergville Stories*, written and directed by Duma Ndlovu, creator of the original Woza Afrika! series. Set in one of South Africa's violence-plagued black townships, *Bergville Stories* portrayed a confrontation between locals (presumably supporters of the African National Congress) and a worker hostel's Zulu residents (presumably suspected of supporting the Zulu-dominated political party Inkatha). Despite its grim depiction of a mass execution, *Bergville Stories* ended on a note of hope with stirring choruses by the all-male cast capitalizing upon an infectiously triumphant musical tradition.

The stage for *Bergville Stories* was bare, except for a window frame that descended periodically on a wire to emphasize the separation between the hostel dwellers, trapped inside the building, and their enemies lying in wait. This lone fragment of set, drawing attention to the invisible township around the besieged hostel, emphasized the role of the audience's imagination—paralleling, in some ways, the creative work of South Africans bringing a new society into being.

A similar message might have been incorporated into the only preliberation play in this Woza Afrika! series. *Umabatha: The Zulu Macbeth*, written in 1969 by Welcome Msomi, transposes the story of *Macbeth* to nineteenth-century Zululand, following Shakespeare's text closely without being a translation. In the Johannesburg Civic Theater's spectacular production, directed by the author, *Umabatha* proved to be the highlight of the South African tenancy at Lincoln Center. Ghosts in traditional African masks stalked through smoke seeping from the pots of the three *sangomas* (witch doctors—Msomi's version of the witches), and warriors in Zulu dress rallied and fought against color-saturated backdrops. The rousing curtain call outshone some of this year's Broadway spectacles.

Umabatha provides an almost eerie experience to the non-Zulu speaker who knows *Macbeth*. Exotic and terribly familiar, fantastic and inevitable, the newer play puts the viewer in the position of the witches, able to predict ghosts, murder, and madness from the vantage of a completely different reality. Perhaps all theater audiences have this illusion of augury to a certain extent, a result of sharing the characters' temporal and spatial frame in a way that a book or movie does not permit. And perhaps this sense of privilege makes protest theater especially exhilarating, as audiences feel themselves governing the future.

That, overall, the Woza Afrika! festival was not completely exhilarating was certainly understandable. One sensed the artists' struggle to find new meaning after the dissolution of certainty. "All around me the cracks begin to appear," murmured a frightened army officer, forced to reexamine his convictions, in *White Men with Weapons*. It will be worth waiting until the mirror and the lamp brighten again, revealing the landscape that change has shaped. □

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Where we are, how we got here

American Catholic
The Saints and Sinners Who Built America's Most Powerful Church
Charles R. Morris
Times Books, $27.50, 511 pp.

John T. McGreevy

At the installation of Philadelphia Archbishop Denis Dougherty in 1918, 150,000 Catholics jammed the route from the train station to the cathedral. Before the appearance of Dougherty's open limousine, the crowd (organized into specific viewing stands by parish) waited out fifty brass bands. Reporters described elderly women rushing the police lines to kiss the new archbishop's ring. When Dougherty finally entered Saints Peter and Paul Cathedral for the installation, the seminary choir greeted him with a rendition of *Ecce Sacerdos Magnus*, or "Behold the Great Priest."

None of this, observes Charles Morris in his sparkling new history, *American Catholic*, was "a ritual to encourage humility." And Dougherty's episcopal style—salting archdiocesan payrolls with relatives, pressuring resigned priests to change their names, and ordering Philadelphia's Catholics not to attend Hollywood films—never wavered from its triumphal first moments.

Among the many virtues of Morris's account is his ability to place this particular Catholic style into a sweep extending from 1840s immigrants to the late Cardinal Joseph Bernardin's Common Ground Initiative. Dougherty, Morris argues, marks one stage in American Catholic development, but his *imperium in imperio* is bracketed on the one side by the furious nineteenth-century struggle to absorb Irish famine refugees and build Catholic institutions, and by contemporary attempts to develop a post-Vatican II church in a less obviously Catholic milieu.

The result is a compulsively readable narrative. Morris is incapable of writing a dull sentence, even in a footnote, and his account exudes a knowing savvy, especially as he disentangles the seamy side of clerical life (sexual scandals, mean-spirited accusations, financial chicanery). More important, Morris lucidly explains arcane, but vital, theological topics such as the ordinary magisterium, even as he leaps from Thomas Jefferson on natural law to the architecture of Saint Patrick's Cathedral. The tone is measured, the judgments consistently fair.

Unfortunately, Morris's agility in sketching Catholic leaders—their achievements as well as their faults—produces an oddly lopsided historical narrative. Catholic response to the Spanish Civil War, for example, receives as much attention as women religious; a discussion of the Reverend Edward McGlynn's travails in the 1880s overshadows consideration of nineteenth-century Catholic piety. Even the sketch of Cardinal Dougherty's Philadelphia, a chapter based almost entirely on impressive original research, tends to view religious experience from the vantage point of the rectory.

Fortunately, the last section of *American Catholic* takes a wider view, since Morris roamed much of the country, chatting with parishioners, schoolteachers, and diocesan administrators. The good news, Morris argues, is that the church's financial problems are slowly being resolved, at least in those dioceses willing to adopt modern budgeting procedures. Even better, roughly one-third of American Catholics are intensely committed to their parishes, and have generated a plethora of volunteer and catechetical programs that put the fabled faithful of the 1950s to shame. Catholics who self-consciously choose to be Catholic, in other words, now constitute the heart of the church.

The bad news is that only an intense, evangelistic effort will reach the rest of the self-identified Catholic population, let alone anyone else. And such an effort is unlikely until Catholic leaders reduce agonizing tensions in the intertwined areas of ministry, sexuality, and the role of women. Morris is not especially liberal in church terms—he rolls his eyes at mildly avant-garde liturgies, worries that Catholic theologians too quickly adopt the language of the academy, and terms discussions of gendered language "lingering spats." But he convincingly argues that Catholic teaching on contraception, and increasingly on homosexuality and the role of women, is rejected by precisely the same Catholics who are energizing their parishes. For critics to label such heartfelt (and often theologically compelling) objections "cafeteria Catholicism" is, in the end, nothing more than a slur.

Commonweal readers have already read portions of the most compelling part of Morris's concluding section ("A Tale of Two Dioceses," June 6), an extended comparison of Catholic life in Lincoln, Nebraska, city upon a hill for Catholic conservatives, with the more liberal diocese of Saginaw, Michigan. Catholics in Lincoln, Morris finds, do not attend Mass with any more frequency than those in Saginaw; neither do they accept *Humanae vitae* with more enthusiasm. What Lincoln does pos-

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sess is a growing number of vocations to the priesthood, a group that Morris describes as an impressive, talented group of men. (And a group rightly upset by insinuations that Lincoln seminarians resemble a paramilitary corps.) In Saginaw, by contrast, vocations to the priesthood are few, but women have been able to play more important roles in all aspects of church life, a development applauded by the vast majority of Catholic laity.

Morris emphasizes that both dioceses could learn from each other, and that both have been blessed with astute leadership in the recent past. This even-handed assessment seems overly sanguine, however, given the propensity of Lincoln's current bishop, Fabian Bruskewitz, to exercise a sort of ecclesiastical first-strike capability. The conflict is direct: Bruskewitz has excommunicated members of Call to Action, a reform group advocating the ordination of women. One supporter of Call to Action is current Saginaw bishop, Kenneth Untener. Precisely these sorts of edicts, Morris concedes, heighten the risk that active Catholics will ignore papal teaching altogether, strengthening the congregationalism so deplored by conservatives.

The stakes, Morris stresses, are high. The American church remains one of the world's most vibrant, especially when compared to France (where less than 3 percent of the population under twenty-five describe themselves as practicing Catholics), Latin America (where Protestant evangelicals have made enormous inroads), and in some ways even Poland. Disputes over women's roles and sexuality, viewed in this sobering light, might seem relatively manageable. What Morris contributes is a compelling plea not to allow these discussions to precipitate a more fundamental fracturing, a tearing apart of an institution still capable of offering wisdom to both its own members and the universal church. □

John T. McGreevy *teaches history at the University of Notre Dame. He is the author of* Parish Boundaries *(University of Chicago Press).*

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CAN WE REALLY BE COLORBLIND?

Liberal Racism
Jim Sleeper
Viking, $21.95 208 pp.

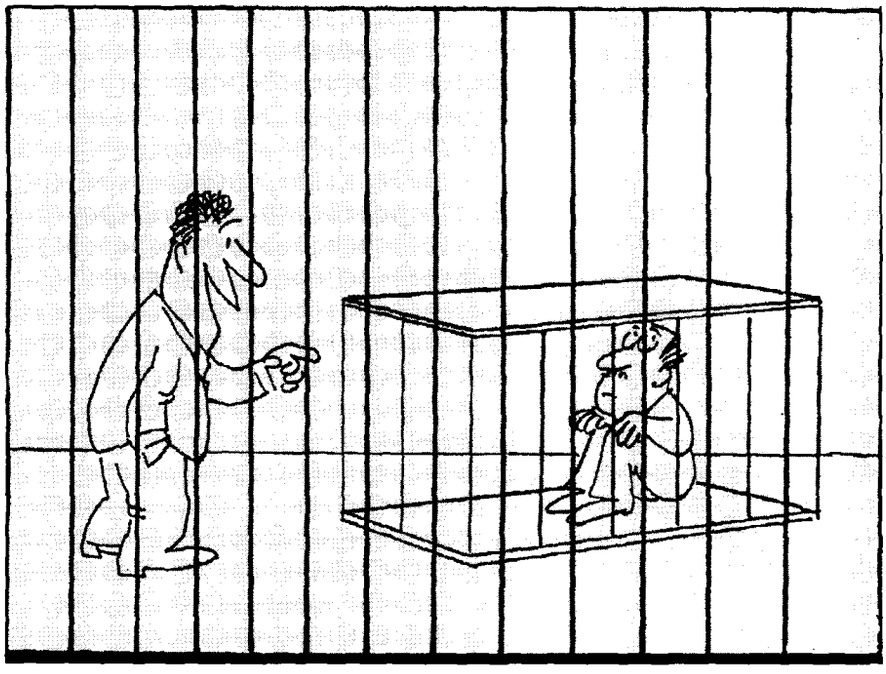
Don Wycliff

During my college years in the late 1960s, the high tide of black militancy, some of my more cynical and deeply embittered black classmates were given to remarking that the only difference between a liberal and a conservative was that "a liberal will hang you from a lower tree." It was a grotesquely unfair characterization, of course. The fact is that the civil rights movement and the effort to secure equality among all Americans was a (philosophical) liberal project—and a largely and proudly successful one, at that.

Now, thirty years later, comes Jim Sleeper, a white man and a liberal, with a much more serious and creditable complaint against liberalism. Liberals, Sleeper asserts, have sold their birthright of high principle for a mess of pottage. In the interest of defeating white racism, they have bought into a "racialist" ideology that in many respects is as pernicious and destructive as what they fight and, very often, is all but indistinguishable from it.

"Liberal racism...assumes that racial differences are so profound that they are almost primordial," Sleeper observes, adding that "the fascination with racial differences that prevents many liberals from treating any person with a nonwhite racial physiognomy as someone much like themselves only begets policies and programs that reinforce nineteenth-century assumptions about race that are patently racist."

That Sleeper isn't just baying at the moon is clear from almost any day's headlines. Consider, for one modest example, a story that appeared in early July in the *Chicago Sun-Times*. It told of a program at the University of Illinois at Chicago that gives virtually all minority students the benefit of early registration for classes while virtually all white students must wait. Initially, apparently, this policy was the result of a not entirely unreasonable assumption that minority racial status was a proxy for disadvantage that warranted special consideration. Over time, however, and in the careless, sloppy way that so many policies evolve, it became sufficient just to be black or Hispanic, disadvantaged or not.



(The wonder is that this racial spoils system survived as long as it has—some say it's been around as long as ten years. What's no wonder is that eventually, white students carried their disgruntlement to state legislators and now the university is scrambling to rectify what is not just an obvious injustice, but a terrible political mistake.)

If liberalism is to be a force again for justice and progress in American society, Sleeper says, it must forswear this sort of policy and the racialist rationalizations that undergird it and begin fostering a notion of citizenship and civic culture that transcends race and all such particularisms.

Sleeper has written an important book that deserves to be read and carefully considered, especially if Americans are going to engage fruitfully in that "national conversation" about race that President Bill Clinton has promised.

Actually, Sleeper has written two books in one volume. In the first, he makes the case against liberal racism in three uneven chapters dealing with crime, voting rights, and the news media (Read: the *New York Times*). In the second, he seeks a way out of the liberal racist trap in a series of provocative essays on black identity and what he contends is our lost civic culture. These latter pieces are particularly strong, especially the chapter focusing on Harvard law professor Randall Kennedy and Boston University economist Glenn Loury, two of the most thoughtful and intriguing black intellectuals in the nation today.

"The story of how liberals blundered on voting rights is a wonderfully instructive parable of their noble beginnings and subsequent bad faith on many fronts touching race," Sleeper writes in the best chapter of his analysis of liberal racism.

The Voting Rights Act evolved, Sleep-

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er says, from an instrument of empowerment and inclusion for disfranchised black voters in 1965 into an instrument in the 1980s and 1990s for segregating black and Hispanic voters in districts unto themselves—all on the basis of faulty, racist assumptions.

"Despite dramatic black electoral gains under the Voting Rights Act, many activists, advocates, and journalists decided that whites' perceptions and interests would remain so irreconcilable with nonwhites' that few whites would ever vote for blacks or Hispanics," writes Sleeper. "Therefore, they insisted, nonwhites' right to vote could be exercised meaningfully only if they were 'empowered' to vote *en bloc*, as members of 'protected' racial classes, in districts drawn to elect blacks or Hispanics."

The result of this, Sleeper notes, was the odd coupling in 1982 of black Democrats and white Republicans that rewrote the Voting Rights Act to mandate the drawing of more minority districts—and in the process to secure more reliably Republican districts. (No wonder Newt Gingrich at his installation as Speaker of the House in 1995 could be so gracious in praising the "liberal wing" of the Democratic party—they made him Speaker.)

As it turns out, Sleeper can summon the most powerful sort of proof for the wisdom of his argument here. The Supreme Court eventually outlawed many of the black majority districts created in the South pursuant to the 1990 census, holding that such overwhelming race-consciousness as went into their drawing was unconstitutional. Nevertheless, all but one of the black incumbents from those outlawed districts ran in new, reconfigured *majority white* districts—and won. So much for the liberal racist view that whites would be intractably hostile to black candidates.

So much also for the view that blacks (or Hispanics or any other minority) necessarily share sufficient common interests as to require the sort of exertions required to gerrymander them into districts with one another.

Sleeper's three chapters on various aspects of black identity actually are an extended meditation on the question of what African-Americans have in common. Is it Africa? Is it America? Is it anything?

The chapter on Alex Haley's *Roots* is a demolition derby. With an alacrity that at times is disturbing, Sleeper smashes the Africa myth that Haley attempted to create. And he ends with the quite correct observation that "Black Americans' only coherent memories and myths begin in the holds of the slave ships to which other Africans consigned them."

Then there is the powerful and challenging examination of Randall Kennedy's and Glenn Loury's approaches to the problem of black identity. In truth, it is not really a problem for Kennedy, for he takes his philosophy straight, with no chaser: There is (or ought to be) no racial kinship, no sense of racial or ethnic affinity. Indeed, the only relationships that really matter are those consciously and intentionally undertaken. In other words, it is the human mind and will that create kinships.

Sleeper recognizes that that's a pretty heady brew, too strong for most humans. Thus, he introduces Loury, who unapologetically recognizes an affinity with and obligation to other blacks and even broke with his former neoconservative comrades because of their indifference to the situation of poor blacks.

Jim Sleeper's is far from a perfect book. Quite frankly, some of his answers are simply too facile. True enough, those black incumbents did win re-election in their redrawn, majority white districts. But one wonders whether they ever would have won election in such districts in the first place.

The inescapable fact is that what Sleeper asks, at least of blacks, is an act of faith. He asks that we believe white America is prepared to play by the colorblind rules that the conservatives all like to talk about. God knows, there are those of us who want to believe that. □

Don Wycliff, *a black man, is editorial page editor of the* Chicago Tribune.

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MISSING PERSON

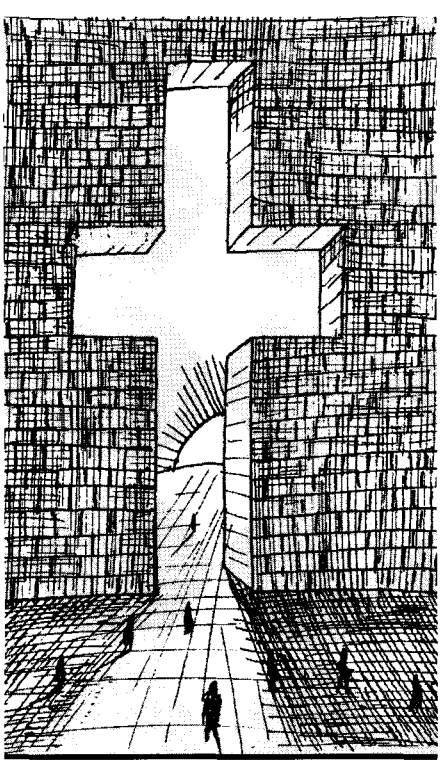
Heart of the World, Center of the Church
***Communio* Ecclesiology, Liberalism, and Liberation**
David L. Schindler
William B. Eerdmans, $37.50, 340 pp.

Joseph A. Komonchak

For some years now, David Schindler, Gagnon Professor of Fundamental Theology at the John Paul II Institute for Studies on Marriage and Family in Washington, D.C., and editor of the English edition of the theological journal *Communio*, has been a sharp critic of efforts to argue for a fundamental compatibility between the philosophy that underlies the American political and economic experiment and the Catholic vision of things. The criticisms, which he has aimed principally at three neoconservative writers, Richard John Neuhaus, Michael Novak, and George Weigel, are repeated in this book where they are preceded by a critique of the earlier work of John Courtney Murray and followed by an argument that the same mistake underlies some statements of Theodore Hesburgh about the nature and purpose of a Catholic university.

Schindler's argument is that all these writers stand in a broad liberal tradition which honors procedure more than substance and freedom more than truth. Liberalism claims that its own procedural assumptions, whether in politics, economics, or the university, imply no substantive assumptions or claims but simply permit a neutral arena in which questions about truth and value can be argued out under conditions of freedom. Thus for Murray, according to Schindler, freedom of religion is first of all an assertion of the rights of autonomous conscience over and against a neutral state; for the Catholic neoconservative the free marketplace allows the pursuit of self-interest to work for the common economic good; and for Hesburgh the commonly accepted academic criteria predefine what a university, including a Catholic university, is. In all three cases, Schindler argues, the claims to neutrality with regard to substance are bogus and in fact rest upon substantive claims that are incompatible with the full Catholic theological vision of God, man, and world.

That vision Schindler finds expressed in the teachings of Vatican Council II as carried forward by Pope John Paul II and as interpreted by such theologians as Henri de Lubac, Joseph Ratzinger, and, especially, Hans Urs von Balthasar. The vision centers around an ecclesiology of *communio*, originating in the inner life of the Trinity, realized in the Incarnation, and defining not only "the center of the church" but also "the heart of the world," created by God for the sake of the spousal union God wishes to establish with the whole of creation and already realized in Christ, Mary, and the church. Communion is thus not simply the inmost reality of the church but defines also the purpose of creation, whose full truth is not known apart from the inner-Trinitarian mystery and not realized apart from the receptive and obedient *fiat* of Christ, Mary, and the church. In the passage of *Gaudium et spes*, no. 22, which is quoted several times, "Christ..., in the very revelation of the mystery of the Father and of his love, fully reveals man to himself and brings to light his most high calling." Only a very high Christology yields a true anthropology in which the liberal tendency to place freedom and truth in tension is unmasked and overcome, in which what freedom is for and what authentic liberation is are revealed, and in which the real achievements of liberalism can be saved and given their only valid basis.



The preceding paragraph is a rapid summary of the theological vision that Schindler sets out in the first chapter and whose implications he also unfolds in several concluding chapters on deconstruction, sanctity and the intellectual life, contemplation and action, gender and God, and the Thomist philosophy of relation. It is a value of the book that it is an exercise in very serious theology. The argument is quite dense, however, and the book does not make for light reading and should probably not be brought to the beach.

Let me offer some methodological and substantive comments. Schindler's method typically searches for a sentence or two thought to represent his opponent's starting point, from which, he believes, even if by "unintended logic," must follow certain untenable conclusions. Thus, to take the instance I know most about, what Murray said about religious freedom being first negative—immunity from coercion—and being based upon the autonomy of the person is thought to imply an abstract notion of human nature which neglects that the first truth about the person is human nature's positive orientation toward supernatural fulfillment in God. But such a view overlooks the moment of receptivity that must precede, condition, and direct all "autonomous" human activity. From the inadequacies of that starting-

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point follow, logically, all the consequences that have led to the corruption of the American experiment into "the culture of death." That Murray's writings contain many indications that belie Schindler's description of it passes largely unnoticed. The result is a curious abstraction in the argument, logic replacing genuine dialogue and dialectic.

A second methodological problem is that, unlike those whom he criticizes, Schindler is most often content to remain at the level of first principles, where he thinks the real battle should be waged, and to leave the practical political, economic, or academic implications of his own position hazy. Even when one might agree that perhaps the starting-point should be more Christological or Trinitarian, still what follows from this? How does one get at least part of the way from this exalted or primordial vision toward a different polity, economics, or university? And what mediates such necessary moves? Schindler's remarks on Catholic universities do move a bit toward answering such questions, but when it comes to politics and economics, he is frustratingly vague.

On more substantive issues, there is the choice of von Balthasar as the chief interpreter of the tradition, of Vatican II, and of the teachings of the present pope. It is no belittling of the great Swiss theologian to remark that his imposing work represents, as Schindler well knows, only one stream in twentieth-century theology and that more than a few of von Balthasar's favorite themes and much about his method are quite personal and even idiosyncratic. Here he appears simply as the great master and many of his views are presented oracularly, as if their meaning is perspicacious and their truth guaranteed. The often very basic theological options that lie behind the thought of von Balthasar and other representatives of "*ressourcement*" theology, as Schindler likes to call it, require further elucidation.

One particular issue needs to be mentioned: the astonishing absence from this ecclesiology of communion, whether Trinitarian or ecclesial, of the Holy Spirit. It is not too much to say that in Schindler's ecclesiology the Holy Spirit plays no explicit role. Everything concentrates on the Father (or, generally, on the Trinity), on Christ, and on Mary. There is not a single reference to the mission of the Spirit. Even in the very few places at which Pope John Paul II's encyclical on the Holy Spirit (*Dominum et vivificantem*) is cited, it is not for the sake of explaining the Spirit's mission and role. It could even be argued that the Spirit's role is in fact taken by Mary, and the book might be said to illustrate the "*de Maria numquam satis*" (roughly translatable as "You can't exaggerate the role of Mary") school of Marian theology. In fact, Schindler's theology could be taken, according to what one hopes is an "unintended logic," as evidence of the claim sometimes made that pneumatology and mariology are inversely proportional. □

The Reverend Joseph A. Komonchak *is the John and Gertrude Hubbard Professor of Religious Studies at The Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C.*

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FIVE VOLUMES & COUNTING

Striving towards Being
The Letters of Thomas Merton and Czeslaw Milosz
Edited by Robert Faggen
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $21, 160 pp.

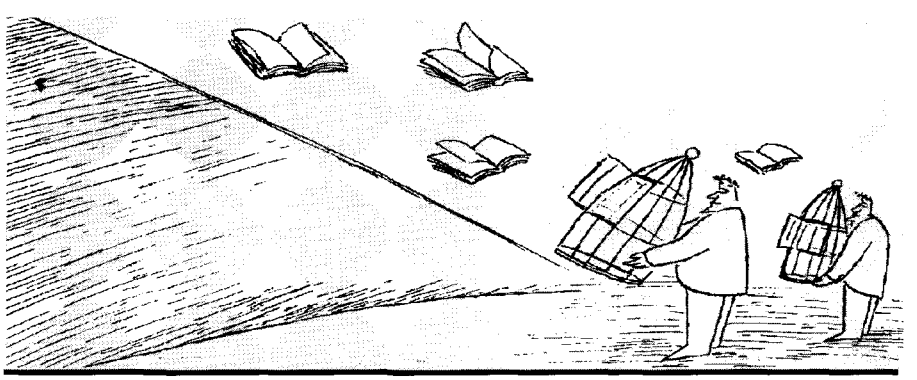
The Journals of Thomas Merton
Volumes 1-5
Edited by Patrick Hart, Jonathan Montaldo, Lawrence S. Cunningham, Vincent A. Kramer, and Robert E. Daggy
HarperSanFrancisco, $15 (pbk.), $30 (cloth)

Bernard G. Prusak

Writing to Thomas Merton in 1960, the poet Czeslaw Milosz reflected that we moderns "lack an image of the world ordered by religion." Merton first wrote to Milosz in 1958, and they corresponded until Merton's sudden death a decade later. In their letters, at once generous and scrupulous, Milosz makes exacting demands of Merton and does not hold back from trying to provoke him: He writes, for example, that he has not yet read Merton's *The Wisdom of the Desert* (1960), "perhaps because I feel it is a sort of luxury—for those who [have] coped already with some basic theological questions." Milosz urges Merton again and again "not only [to] understand and deplore the modern gnashing of teeth, but to have some complicity with it"—like Pascal, to pay attention to the atheists and perhaps the atheist in himself. "I imagine a reader," Milosz writes, "who...would be ready to follow [you] in five volumes through a vision of the world redeemed by Christ." But did Merton have such an overarching vision? Milosz was that reader, and he wanted to learn what was Merton's "image of the world."

If Milosz is still interested, the possibility he imagined is now here: Five volumes of Merton's journals have been published. The journey is long (over 2,000 pages), but by midway through I got into the rhythm of Merton's days and the patterns of his thinking, found him credible and sympathetic, and found myself reading between the lines. Merton notes, in 1956, the French writer "Julien Green's idea that between the lines of what you write, say, in a journal, is a prophecy for your future." I read between the lines of Merton's journals for prophecies not only of his future, but the future of the church.

The first volume of the journals, *Run to the Mountain: The Story of a Vocation* (1939-41, 490 pp.), reads more like the melodrama of a vocation. I found it by turns trivial ("And now I am glad to have written something"); dull (lists, lists, lists of what Tom likes or does not like); and anachronistic ("If [the Franciscans] were tonsured..., it would be a fine Order"). Like the second volume, *Entering the Silence: Becoming a Monk & Writer* (1941-52, 501 pp.), the first volume is also clogged by a textbook piety that made me shudder at the thought of having to read another 1,200 pages to write this review. Both volumes abound in tiresome mush ("Love carries me around. Love sails me around the house. Love, love, love lifts me around the cloister") and histrionic piety ("I do not flatter myself with a disease"); they suffer, for this post-Vatican II Catholic, from an unbearable level of devotional humidity. But they're also obviously the work of a well-educated young man (born 1915) with brains, passion, and discipline. The first volume has its moments of both self-criticism and insight (faith is not just a deposit of opinions, but "a virtue and active habit which...seeks what is beyond reason"); the second volume has flashes of the older Merton's twinkling, self-deprecatory wit and attests to his increasing disquietude with "the rosy picture I have painted of our life." As he writes to himself in 1947, "Get at the root."



As most readers will know, Merton's most successful book, *The Seven Storey Mountain* (1948), was also autobiographical, the story of his conversion. But his writing in these journals is rawer and more ambiguous and, for me, richer and more persuasive. The journals introduce us to both the density of his life—as Merton put it in 1960, "an unsolved problem"—and the depth of his faith. In his early years in the monastery, his thinking fell into strict and hoary dichotomies: supernatural/natural; monastery/world; clerical/lay. But he quickly came to question the "opposition between contemplation and activity *when they are properly ordered*," with consequences for his whole way of looking at things. In the third volume, *A Search for Solitude: Pursuing the Monk's True Life* (1952-60, 406 pp.), Merton intensifies this questioning to the point that the volume's editor, Lawrence Cunningham, is moved to speak of his *acedia*, the monk's disgust for his place in life.

During this period, Merton woke "from a dream—the dream of my separateness, of the 'special' vocation to be different." He turned scathing (and funny) against monastic rigorism and skeptical of American Catholic culture: "But Father! Our ghetto is so truly refined, it is veritably a paradise!" "To

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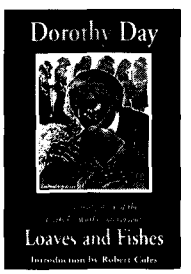
think there are still people—Catholics—who can talk [like Chesterton, with whom "everything is 'of course,' 'quite obviously,' etc., etc."] and imagine they know the answers." He was just as prickly and relentless with himself, struggling to go "beyond the surface to have full confidence in the deep action of God's laws and his will." In this struggle Merton belonged to the spirit of the times. His ongoing conversion and autobiographical writings about it made him, as not a few commentators have noted, a symbol for a generation of American Catholics. As the poet Robert Lax wrote in these pages in 1984, "When I was traveling, I'd meet theological students and people like that who had just encountered his books for the first time, and they'd always say, 'He was talking as though he was talking inside of me.'" As Daniel Berrigan remarked in 1973, citing Dorothy Day, he "got the word around."

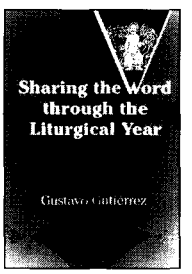
Though such exaltation occasionally got to Merton's head—"My vocation is...*to understand and to have in myself the life and the roots and the belief and the destiny and the Orientation of the whole hemisphere*," the *Übermönch* wrote in 1959—he never lost his fearsome need for meaning and his "sense of meaninglessness and sin and emptiness, of pretense." In the end, this restlessness was what most impressed me about him and made me feel that he was also talking to me. The fourth and fifth volumes of the journals, *Turning toward the World: The Pivotal Years* (1960-63, 360 pp.) and *Dancing in the Water of Life: Seeking Peace in the Hermitage* (1963-65, 384 pp.), show him undergoing "constant self-revision" in an effort to keep "Godward." "Against those who rejoice in every dogmatic definition as a *new limitation* which *restricts* the meaning of such and such a dogma," Merton sought "some *grasp of the reality* expressed in the propositions." Before the question, "And what do you mean by God?" he was scandalized by "the shoddiness, the laziness of my response." Like his hero Tertullian, this was a violent man, seeking the grace of peace.

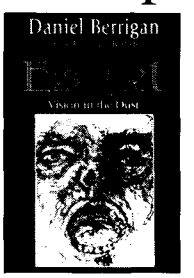
"For my own part," Merton wrote in 1965, "the gift [of Christian faith] has been too great to be trifled with." While not denying the mystery of salvation, however, he railed against lifeless legalisms. But struggle as he did, a new "image of the world ordered by religion," such as Milosz wanted, still eluded him, just as his political activism in the 1960s brought him only grief and frustration. "I feel myself in fact caught," Merton wrote in 1964, "between the two triumphalisms of the council," "conservatives" who wanted to reestablish old boundaries and roles and "progressives" who refused to recognize that, even as a "way of life," faith has its own rules. Hearkening back to "Julien Green's idea," between these lines, I think we can find much of the church today. From these journals, which testify to the profundity, dynamism, and scope of the church's tradition, I took renewed hope for the possibility of belief. □

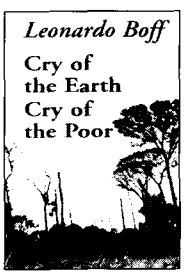
Bernard G. Prusak, Commonweal's *editorial assistant, is a first-year graduate student in philosophy at Boston University.*

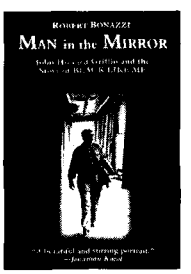
Power of the Prophet











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STORIES FROM NEXT DOOR

You're So Beautiful
Stories
Eileen FitzGerald
St. Martin's Press, $21.95, 198 pp.

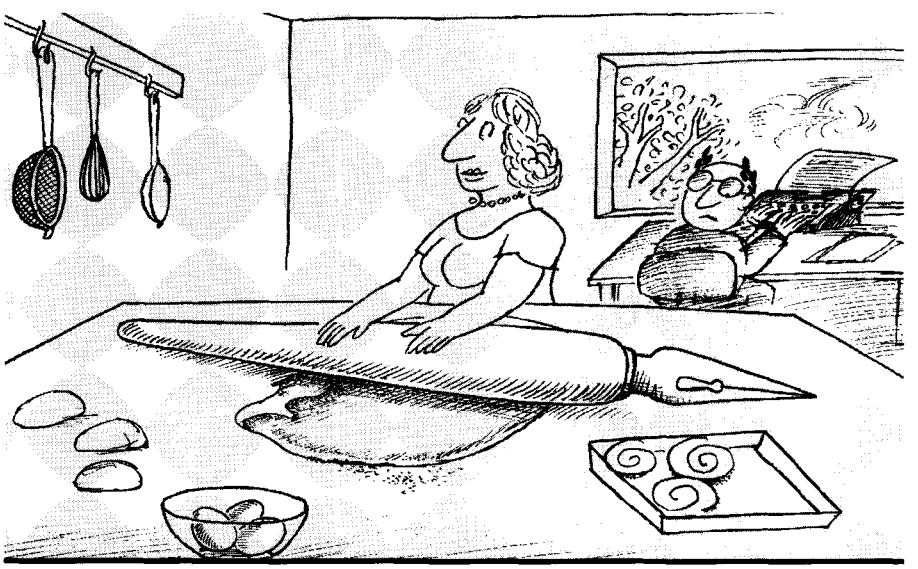
Normal
Stories
Lucia Nevai
Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, $17.95, 217 pp.

Jacqueline Dowdell

Middle-class America can be a peculiar place. Beyond the monotony of split-level homes and overpasses, of cheerleading practice and the Baby Gap, many Americans struggle, for the most part silently, with the tenuousness of their lives.

Reading the stories in these two first collections is like taking a series of detours on a trip across the landscape of American anxiety. The liveliest stories in *You're So Beautiful* and *Normal* capture a frantic energy and trace a shaky path over the day-to-day lives of people blessed with plenty of comforts, but little security. Most of Eileen FitzGerald's and Lucia Nevai's characters are fueled by a quirky sense of their own precariousness. These are people who are seemingly held hostage to their vulnerabilities (and very real fears), and almost literally held captive in shopping malls, grocery store checkout lines, wedding receptions, their own homes, and even the Holland Tunnel.

The mildness and humor of family life—moments of predictability, restlessness, and doubt among siblings, parents and their children, couples, and neighbors—infuse many of the stories. Some of these families have managed to stay intact and are battling a nagging uneasiness; others, disconnected, are still shocked by loss, looking to control or repair what's left. In "Chicken Train," one of FitzGerald's lighter pieces, a ripening peach becomes a lifeline to youth for a forty-one-year-old husband and father as he reflects on impending middle age before an annual neighborhood barbecue. Nevai's "Monsieur Allé" places us with a permissive Upper West Side couple who, after a fracas involving floury chicken parts, anxiously await a visit from a child-abuse investigator. All these parents contend with lukewarm marriages, willful teen-agers, and slack households; this mix of uncertainty and good fortune captures both the self-indulgent and endearing sides of family life.



A pervasive anxiety is palpable even among the youngest. Five-year-old Jill, the adhesive holding together a failing marriage in Nevai's "Thanksgiving with Dorrie & Heck," belts out a campy rendition of a Southern ditty to salvage her family's performance (and, perhaps, her parents' marriage) in a talent show. And in FitzGerald's "Zoo Bus," persnickety Elise, an eighty-year-old mother who at once craves and distrusts her daughter's attention, takes a taxi downtown clutching an unopened can of blueberries, desperate to make peace with her daughter.

Then there's Gus Angellini, one of Nevai's more vital creations, a coarse and not altogether likable New Jersey man who panics whenever he approaches the Holland Tunnel on his commute into New York City:

> I put my head between my legs, close my eyes, hold tight to my Saint Christopher medal. Over and over, I'm saying, Just get me over, Saint Christopher. The bus is going downhill, down, down, and when the sound changes, no traffic noise, just wheels, I know we're in the tunnel. The smell of exhaust is seeping in underneath somewhere. The bum in back is smoking a cigarette. Green death is closing in around me. This is it, I'm thinking, this is the end. Just get me over, I'm praying, I probably say it two thousand times.

As Gus's travail suggests, there is a dark and disturbing side to our everyday preoccupations. Both collections present those moments in some fine, haunting stories. The jolts and trepidations of adolescent life are well canvassed. FitzGerald, for example, takes on incest in her collection's poignant title story, where Sydney, left alone by her parents for two months, gets through high school biology and drill-team practice, and gets away from the lecherous attention of a divorced, middle-aged man, only to return home terrified that her college-aged brother will visit on weekends and molest her while she's sleeping.

FitzGerald's reverence for some of her characters limits her weaker stories, and

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she neglects too much of life's simple absurdity and spectacle. She is at her best within the tormented yet mundane world of suburban teen-agers; her loping prose expertly tracks the myriad fears and anguish of adolescence. In "Missy," pink-smocked teen-agers work halfheartedly at a shopping center candy store (formerly the automotive department of Sears). Overwhelmed by the complexities of youth, the story's principal character gorges herself with sweets, stuffs herself with cookies in the park, and lugs home pillowcases filled with chocolates for family and friends.

Nevai writes more from the inside of her characters' psyches, but covers ground similar to FitzGerald's. In "Belief," a desperate young girl, abandoned at a Methodist camp by her parents, repeatedly slashes herself with a Swiss Army knife in an attempt to find control in her life. In "Release," an even more effective story, an angry and rebellious young woman, a persistent runaway, is reunited with her bewildered parents in a psychiatric ward. Not surprisingly, these fragile teen-agers are among the most disturbing and combustible of all these characters.

However, most of the characters in both of these collections would be happy, I think, simply to find a way to get beyond the wounds of infidelity, loneliness, and estrangement. With honesty and a little abandon, a few do, and take the edge off their anger, disappointment, and regret. In doing so, and much to our delight, they find room in their lives for things that have been lost or misplaced. Other stories in these two collections can be too scant. Some are plain puzzling. And at times many of the characters conjured up by these two writers seem silly or simply maddening, plagued and inevitably betrayed by their own doubts. Still, both Nevai and FitzGerald more often treat these fictional lives with patience, good will, and compassion, so that, in the best stories here, we want to as well. □

Jacqueline Dowdell, *formerly* Commonweal*'s production editor, is a graduate student in the English department at Cornell University.*

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RELIGION BOOKNOTES

Lawrence S. Cunningham

Owen Chadwick's history of Christianity is an old-fashioned, straightforward narrative, but it is never a lockstep chronological series of Great Events and Great Persons. To be sure, there are many great events and great persons, but what saves this book from being a retelling of "one damned thing after another" is Chadwick's graceful and vigorous prose and his willingness to interrupt his narrative for excursuses on small but lively points about the Christian tradition. In a section on saints, for example, he explains how the nimbus (the halo or corona) evolves in Christian art; he comments on the rise of the confessional box; and he finds time to muse on the use of bells in the Christian church.

A History of Christianity
by Owen Chadwick
St. Martin's, $35, 304 pp.

Chadwick's story is enhanced by illustrations drawn from the long history of Christian art. Many of these illustrations are in full color and placed so as to shed light on the text. When I got this modestly priced volume, I spent a rainy Saturday morning just turning the pages and looking at the art, pausing now and again to read one of his brief essays on this or that topic. In short, the book is an excellent browse, but it could also serve as a more formal introduction to church history. Perhaps the publisher might think of a soft-cover edition that could find some classroom usage. In the meantime, it is a book well worth the price.

Prepared in Rome by the Theological-Historical Commission for the Great Jubilee 2000, Adrian Walker's translation of *Jesus Christ* is the first of four catechetical texts that will be published under the aegis of the Vatican commission. The fact that the publication of this volume comes with little fanfare in this country indicates that, however feverish the preparations may be in Rome, excitement over the Jubilee seems not to be contagious. That is a shame since this book, despite some pedagogical shortcomings and a committee-derived clunkiness, does provide an example of how the lumpily unwieldy *Catechism of the Catholic Church* can be translated into something approaching manageable readability. But whether this Christological catechesis will attract a wide readership remains to be seen.

Jesus Christ: Word of the Father/Savior of the World
compiled by the Theological Historical Commission for the Great Jubilee 2000
translated by Adrian Walker
Crossroad/Herder, $12.95, 156 pp.

As the title indicates, the commission focuses on the mystery of the Incarnation. Divided into ten chapters, it begins with an extended meditation on Paul's trope (Gal. 4:4-6) that Christ came in the "fullness of time" born "of a woman, born under the Law," to provide us with the spirit of adoption as children of God. This catechesis sees Jesus Christ as the center of history and the center of time. Despite this rather high Christological affirmation, the text not only pays sincere attention to the popular faith of the church, but insists that we note how other cultures (non-Western ones) have attempted to "name" Christ by drawing on both revered titles (Christ as Guru) as well as hallowed virtues (Jesus as teacher of *ahimsa*—nonviolence).

The fifth and sixth chapters of the book are most impressive in their description of Jesus as preacher, healer, forgiver of sins, friend of the emarginated, companion of women, and prophet of peace and reconciliation. Chapter 6 (with perhaps a little too much apolo-

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getical fretting) sets out the faith of Christians in the Resurrection and the implications of that great culminating reality of Jesus' earthly life. The final chapter is on Mary but, following the lead of *Lumen gentium* at Vatican II, sets its course in the light of the preceding reflections on the Incarnation.

This is not a perfect book. I have noted its tendency toward apologetics (a tendency in reaction against the widespread publicity about the Jesus Seminar and other such extravaganzas?); its overemphasis on papal documents; its not infrequent lapses into theological jargon. Against that, however, there are wonderful pages on the gospel message of Jesus coupled with the text's urgent sense of what salvation really means and how this message is at the core of the teaching of the church. In the final analysis, this book does give us hope that others will attempt such catecheses in order to turn the "stuff" of the *Catechism of the Catholic Church* into a more readable format. If I had been working on this manuscript, I would have made it more "user friendly," adding some short prayers, providing a few well-chosen illustrations, avoiding the intrusive patches of Latinate Vaticanese, and, most of all, supplying an index.

The Reformation of the Bible is not a book I would have spontaneously purchased, but having received it I found it an admirable volume to study. The book is, in effect, a catalog of a museum show of Bibles and related materials produced originally in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The exhibit opened at Southern Methodist University and subsequently traveled to Yale, Harvard, and Columbia.

The Reformation of the Bible/The Bible of the Reformation
by Jaroslav Pelikan
Yale University Press, $45, 197 pp.

Pelikan's introductory essay is exactly what one would expect from this prolific scholar: deeply learned, unfailingly interesting, and written with clarity and ease. Pelikan emphasizes that the Renaissance humanists, especially those in the North, passionately believed that philology could be used as an instrument of Christian reform. That conviction also undergirded their prodigious labors at producing critical texts of the Bible, fostering the study of Hebrew and Greek, their investigations into patristics, etc. That humanist conviction also coincided with the newer printing technologies developed after the pioneering work of Gutenberg, and was a decisive factor in the spread of Reformation ideas.

Pelikan develops his introductory essay along a series of fronts: critical editions of the biblical texts; the ways in which biblical exegesis developed as a result of critical work; the means by which the Bible became available to people at large; and how this new interest in the Bible fed the various arts of the sixteenth century, including the ancillary disciplines of literature, etc.

Along with Pelikan's long essay there are over eighty illustrations of title pages, illustrated pages, woodblocks, and etch-

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SESSION THREE: July 27-August 7

Shawn Copeland	Foundations in Theology
Claire Lowery	Theology and Pastoral Practice
John McDargh	Pastoral Counseling and Spirituality
Jane Regan	Toward Forming an Adult Church
Robert VerEecke	Sacred and Liturgical Dance Study Program: *Dance: An Invitation to the Sacred* (two-week course) *Liturgical Dance: Form and Content* (two-week workshop)
Evelyn Whitehead and James Whitehead	Embracing Love and Work: Toward a Spirituality for Living in the World

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SUMMER 1998

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ings from fifteenth-, sixteenth-, and seventeenth-century books. Each illustration has a long explanatory note and a short bibliography. There are wonderful treats to be enjoyed here (even if the use of a magnifying glass is needed to see some details), ranging from polyglot typefaces on a single page to wonderful examples of Dürer's woodcuts from his 1511 "Large Passion."

This volume might seem a bit specialized but Pelikan's essay is accessible to the general reader and the illustrations from the catalogue section are wonderful to browse through. Bibliophiles will delight in both the rarity of the volumes and the splendid typefaces produced in this period of great art. Any lover of the Bible or books in general would be glad to receive this handsome book as a gift.

The Bible, of course, is not meant only to be read. The Bible is both performed in the sacramental, liturgical, charitable, and prophetic work of the church as well as being proclaimed and preached. Hilkert's book is about the exercise of preaching, but not from the perspective of technique or rhetoric. This is not a book on homiletics. One could say that her theological reflection revolves around this issue: How does the preached word take flesh? Can one theologically locate the point where the inspired Word of God touches the concrete flesh-and-blood community of believers? Does the preached word actually become a sacrament in the traditional sense of that term?

Naming Grace: Preaching and the Sacramental Imagination
by Mary Catherine Hilkert
Continuum, $29.95, 252 pp.

Drawing on a wide range of scholarship, Hilkert urges a kind of triangulation that involves coordinating the story of salvation with one's own story and the story of the world in which we live. The task of the preacher is to account for multiple fidelities: to the Word, to the hearer, and to the world. Precisely because preaching is sacramental, the preacher's task is, in Hilkert's estimation, more akin to the poet's than to the teacher's, in the sense that the preacher must bring forth words (Rahner would call them *Urwortes*—fundamental words) that re-call the mystery of God and the mystery of human experience. That task, in turn, raises powerful issues: Should preaching teach or should it proclaim? How does one approach biblical texts that, say, demean women? (Hilkert follows Sandra Schneider's lead in arguing that one can preach against a text; she does not accept Elizabeth Fiorenza's suggestion that the canon be trimmed.) Who has the right to preach? Along with "problems," however, comes Hilkert's affirmation that the sacramental imagination is still vigorous and that preaching can thrust forward "images of hope."

I joked with Hilkert (she is a colleague) that her endnotes are almost as interesting as her text. She has read everything on this topic and, as a consequence, her notes could provide a handy syllabus on particular topics along the entire theological spectrum. This book is a theological delight, especially because the author effortlessly links preaching to sacramental theology and ecclesiology. My own prayer is that it will be read not by theologians alone. It should be studied especially carefully by everyone who has the ministry of preaching, so that they can relearn what, at times, they seem to forget: that what they do is fundamental, urgent, and always needed.

Abingdon's has recently reissued Louth's very fine 1991 volume on the theme of the desert in Christian spirituality. The desert is more than a theme in the Bible; it serves almost as a purificatory step for both the Children of Israel and Jesus. Thus, by extension, it is a source for our own spiritual journey. The Bible insists that the desert is both a place of evil powers (Louth has an interesting chapter on the demonic displays at Loudun in seventeenth-century France) and vio-

The Wilderness of God
by Andrew Louth
Abingdon, $14.95, 171 pp.

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lence, as well as locus for finding God.

Louth's exemplary little volume takes up, in separate chapters, figures from the history of Christian spirituality who actually lived the desert experience geographically (Charles DeFoucauld, Carlo Carretto, the Desert fathers and mothers, the Russian forest dwellers) or who "constructed" a desert metaphorically as part of the spiritual journey (John of the Cross, Julian of Norwich, T.S. Eliot). In each of these chapters Louth weaves together both narrative and a close reading of texts. In that way, the reader learns some history but, more important, comes to understand the fecundity of the desert symbol.

These chapters, well-researched and crisply narrated, provide us with permutations of a biblical theme as it is received and "performed" in the history of the spiritual tradition. Louth is a well-known scholar of patristics who wears his learning lightly and his piety openly. In that sense, he is always instructive to read.

Were I to have had the chance to comment on this book before its publication, I might have suggested that he do a separate chapter (or chapters) on the man-made deserts of this century. One of the great resources of contemporary spirituality is to mine the memoirs and reflections of those who have lived through the deserts of postindustrial urban life or the darkly demonic deserts of this century's gulags, death lagers, and refugee camps. In that sense, the desert dwellers of today are figures like Mandela, Wiesel, etc. Perhaps someone, using Louth's excellent book as a kind of traditional model, will do another book with the title *The Wilderness without God*. Such a project would be one small way of fulfilling Pope John Paul's intention to compile, for the millennial celebrations, a martyrology of twentieth-century Christians.

I have a goodly number of friends who, from their roots in Protestant fundamentalism or Roman Catholicism, have joined one or other of the branches of Eastern Christianity. Our local Melkite church, for example, has a core of native Melkites, but the preponderant number of the congregation are refugees from Roman Catholic guitar Masses. Mathewes-Green's book tells of her conversion and that of her spouse from the Episcopal church to the Orthodox church; her husband, in fact, is the priest in their small community which, like that of our Melkite parish, is made up mainly of converts from other Christian denominations. The author alludes in passing to her own journey from a Roman Catholic youth through a Hindu phase to the charismatics to the Anglicans to Orthodoxy.

Facing East: A Pilgrim's Journey into the Mysteries of Orthodoxy
by Frederica Mathewes-Green
HarperSan Francisco, $20, 245 pp.

Mathewes-Green frames this book by following the liturgical year and its rituals while telling the story of the fledgling Orthodox congregation where her husband serves as pastor. Since most non-Orthodox find that tradition somewhat exotic, her book is an insider's view of Orthodox life and practice. A glossary at the end helps those who need assistance with the vocabulary. I suspect that this book will be of special interest to the many new converts to Orthodoxy who wish to make sense of their new faith and its, if you will excuse the pun, rather Byzantine usages.

Like most converts, the author is breathlessly uncritical about her new faith and, irritatingly, smugly critical of others. She sniffs at the brevity of Presbyterian Easter services; tsk-tsks the lack of fasting in other denominations; faults the Catholics for seeking salvation through works (on what basis I'm not sure) while, at the same time, urging mildly dubious claims about the antiquity of certain Orthodox practices. This is hardly to be taken as a severe criticism since, *mutatis mutandis*, it is a common fault of the genre.

The publisher's blurb describes the move toward Orthodoxy as one of the "hottest trends in American Christianity." The phrase "hottest trends" is a depressing one in its own right, but it does unwittingly state a paradox: Many people find Orthodoxy attractive precisely because it stands squarely against most "hot" trends in American life. The Eastern Christian tradition is unfathomably rich, and some of those riches become clear on the pages of this book. This work, then, may be a harbinger of others to come. Let's hope it finds a wide audience who appreciate, in the words of the gospel, bringing forth old things and new. □

Lawrence S. Cunningham *teaches theology at the University of Notre Dame.*

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(Continued from page 4)

What is important here is that different dioceses use different methods. Most do what is known informally as an "October count," where Mass attendance is counted in all parishes on one or more weekends in October. Some do head counts; some simply estimate "the crowd." Some include hospitals, Newman Centers, and special ethnic community Masses; some don't. Some count everyone in the church, others count only adults attending the Mass but do not count any liturgical ministers.

When Chaves asked me for data from the Seattle archdiocese, I made clear to him that most diocesan Mass attendance data are very "soft" and are used internally to determine trends rather than to measure effectiveness. No single-year data would tell a complete story, nor would Seattle's data necessarily be comparable with data from any other diocese. Chaves assured me (and researchers in other dioceses) that he would only report trends and grouped data, and that no diocese would be identified by name. Understandably, then, we were dismayed when Chaves published the information by diocese, without mentioning any of our cautions, in the *Journal for the Scientific Study of Religion* [Fall, 1994]. The media gave considerable attention to this report.

It takes a little grade-school math to show how Chaves's method of figuring percentages turned inadequate data into something worse. In determining the percentages for Seattle, Chaves used as the numerator the number we had provided to him: adults attending Mass on a single weekend at regularly scheduled liturgies in parish facilities—the lowest possible numerator. Then he used as the denominator the estimated number of Catholics in Western Washington derived from a 1990 national survey of religious self-identification, which resulted in an estimate that included infants, the very elderly, and those not affiliated with any parish, constituting 17.7 percent of the total population—that is, the largest possible denominator.

Note the consequences. If Chaves had chosen as his denominator the estimated number of Catholics affiliated with the church (calculated according to a formula developed by the Catholic Research Forum and derived by comparing the total number of births with the number of infant baptisms and the total number of deaths with the number of Catholic funerals), the number would have been cut substantially—to 11 percent of the population. If he had used the only "hard" number available—the number of adult Catholics registered in our parishes—the denominator would have been less than 7 percent of the population. For whatever reason, Chaves used numerators and denominators that were most likely to result in church attendance figures significantly below those found in self-report surveys. Depending on what denominator he picked, Chaves could have reported the Seattle Mass attendance rate to be 42 percent, 33 percent, or 20 percent. He chose the smallest. And, using these data uncritically, Charles Morris reported that the Seattle attendance rates were "close to the bottom of the list."

Apart from the injury to my researcher's sense of fair play, what propels this response was Morris's linking of purported low-attendance rates to his characterization of the Seattle archdiocese as "very liberal" (his words). I don't usually have trouble with the "L" word, but, given the real situation in Seattle, this seems a fairly bold and unnuanced description. In reporting Archbishop Murphy's death, the local media all emphasized his outspoken opposition to euthanasia and abortion. News clips were shown of the archbishop ordaining three new priests only two weeks earlier; voice-overs reported that there are more than twenty-five young men preparing for the priesthood for the archdiocese, reportedly a higher number per Catholic than in any other diocese in the country. Many reporters noted that the Catholic schools are full and that we have opened three new parishes in the past several years, with three more on the drawing boards. Given a chance, I would have added that parish membership has grown faster than the general population, that parish income has increased 25 percent in constant dollars in the past eight years, and that nearly half of our parishes are building new facilities or expand-

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ing what they already have.

In other words, all objective measures show an alive, vibrant diocese headed by an archbishop who was fiercely loyal to the church and whose weekly newspaper columns and frequent speeches explored the challenges we face as individuals and as a community in light of the Gospels, the new *Catechism*, and Vatican documents. This is a diocese that should not, cannot be lightly dismissed as "the very liberal Seattle...close to the bottom of the list." Chaves did the Seattle archdiocese and all others a disservice. Morris compounded that disservice by repeating Chaves's "findings" without checking them or understanding their limitations.

Archbishop Murphy would have relished reviewing my reply and would have offered helpful suggestions. I'm hoping he would approve.

MARY BETH CELIO
Seattle, Wash.

The writer is director of research in the planning and research department of the Seattle archdiocese.

The writer replies:

I'm in no position to comment on Ms. Celio's criticisms of the Chaves data with respect to Seattle. I do note, however, that the data appeared in a reputable, peer-reviewed journal, and that I spoke to Professor Chaves to ensure that I was reading them correctly.

The controversy also points up what a statistical shambles the church is, despite its reputation for monolithism. The United States Catholic Conference does its best, but since all reporting is voluntary, there are no consistent data on such basics as finance, sacramental attendance, priestly resignations or censures, etc. Aside from the annual *Catholic Directory*, which has many lacunae, almost all the important data are derived from special surveys and samples, Gallup polls, and the like, which is ridiculous.

Ms. Celio's letter, however, does not invalidate my point that there is no obvious relationship between sacramental attendance and how "liberal" or "conservative" a diocese is. But she seems also to imply that my characterization of Seattle as "liberal" is somehow pejorative, which was certainly not intended. Most people I spoke to in Seattle were proud of, say, the high degree of female liturgical participation, including a number of pastoral administrators like the nun in my article, and the archdiocese's welcoming attitude toward homosexual Catholics, which, by most lights, would place them on the "liberal" side of the diocesan spectrum.

CHARLES R. MORRIS

List me some lists

It seems everyone supports summer reading suggestions like those in your issue of June 20. I've been a devotee of book lists since high school—those supplied by the school, Clifton Fadiman's *Lifetime Reading Plan*, F. Scott Fitzgerald's *College of One* (the lists he compiled for Sheilah Graham). "If they can do it," I keep telling myself, "so can I."

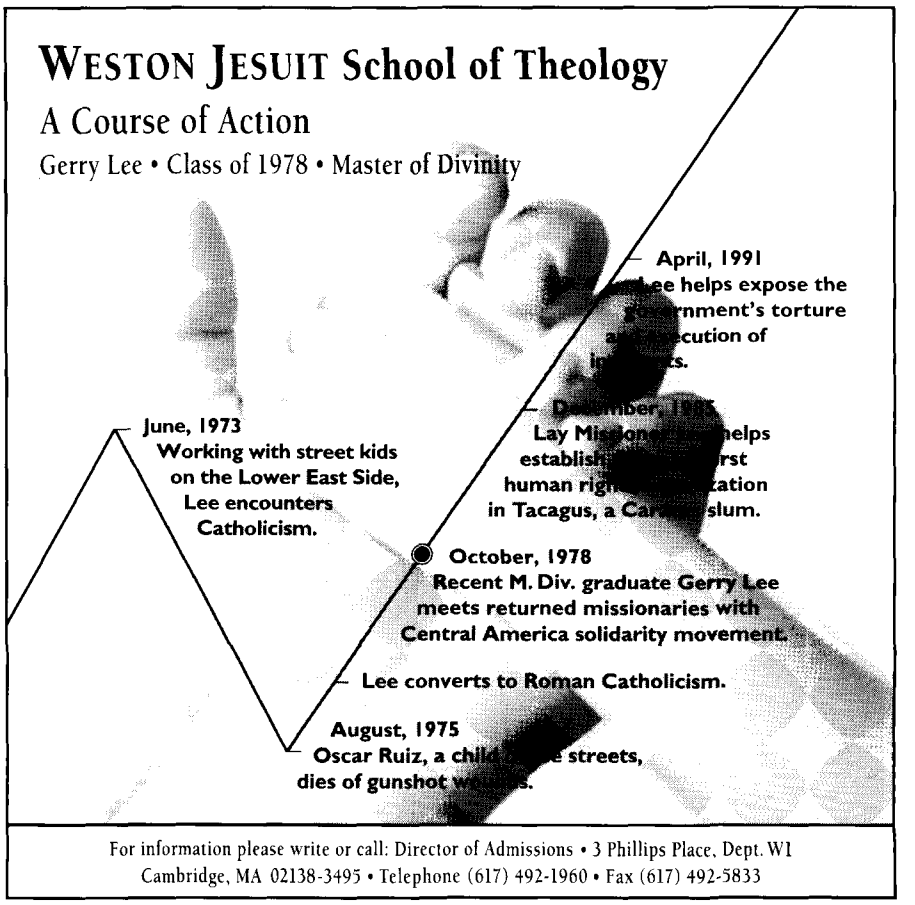
For years I was part of a book discussion group. Some times we had a theme for the year—for example, only Russian novelists. It was educational, and fun. Currently I'm reading the Victorians: Eliot, Trollope, Tennyson, Hopkins, Thackeray, James. I read the Brontës, Hardy, and Conrad long ago.

So, my thanks to Keen, Swick, Duffy, Finn, Bates, and Steinfels for helping make certain I'll never finish reading all those great books suggested by so many lovers of that still-very-much-written language called English.

ANN WHITE FERRIS
Hampton, Va.

The power of capital

Because you've opened up discussion of "The Good Side of Going Global" [Jay Mandle, July 18], I'd like to suggest an analysis that's other than "good side—bad side" but goes to the heart of the matter: the power of capital. As a lay reader of the current situation, I would remind Mr. Mandle that capital—money available for investment—has been "global" for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centuries. Assets deployed for colonization and in the slave trade are the most obvious examples. World-wide investment up to this time gives little hope that "the mass deprivation associated with underdevelopment might dramatically be reduced." The pattern thus far has been the formation of wealthy elites in poor countries and little improvement for the vast majority. The January 1994 uprising in Chiapas, Mexico, attested to this. But mass dislocations of people, destruction of natural resources, and loss of democratic rights are well documented throughout the world.

This is not to say that all efforts toward development have been destructive. But disregard for the social and environmental consequences of profit-driven enterprises is all too common among investors. Along with reductions in government spending for people's needs (often at the insistence of the World Bank for debtor nations), that does not bode well for the future.

The power of capital is not just money or the speed with which money can move around the world. It's the power of its logic, its idea; the conviction now pervading every aspect of life and every corner of the globe that "everything and everybody is best served by free-market forces" (or, more crudely, "everything is for sale"). Where this logic rules, government is expected to "support the market," in part by reducing its role as mediator for the common good through expenditures for health needs, education, housing, in particular for those whom "the market" cannot support: the aged, vulnerable workers without skills, and their families.

Recent elections in Britain and France indicate some political will to challenge the economic assumptions that have been pressuring the European Economic Union. Organizing in this country for a balance of power is possible and necessary to safeguard the social interdependence we've struggled for throughout this century.

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THE PEASANT WHO DEFIED HITLER

Gordon C. Zahn

Saint Radegund is a village too small to have its own post office, too remote to be reached by normal transportation facilities. Yet in the tiny graveyard of its centuries-old church lie the ashes of a simple farmer who defied a tyrant who had brought all of Europe to its knees. It is a quiet place; one feels a holy place. It may someday be a place of pilgrimage.

America, *July 5, 1958*

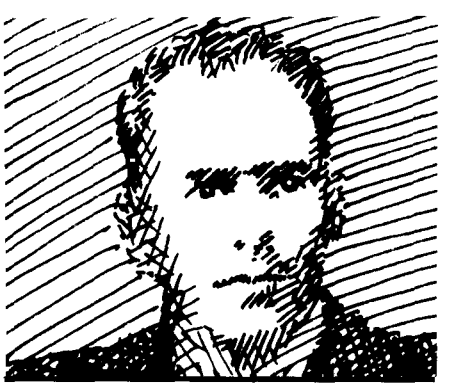
The pilgrims have been coming for several years now to the place I described above, sometimes singly, more often families, occasionally church groups (not only Catholic). They gather at the grave of Franz Jägerstätter, an Austrian peasant executed by the Nazis on August 9, 1943, for refusing to serve in the German army. This update is justified not only by the gratifying fulfillment of my 1958 predictions, but by the prospects of significant developments in his case.

As a 1956 Fulbright Fellow in Germany, I focused my research on the role played by religious communities, particularly the Roman Catholic church, in providing moral support to the German war effort even while rejecting the evils of the Nazi regime and its philosophy. *German Catholics and Hitler's Wars* (1960), the result of that research published by a reputable Catholic house, Sheed & Ward, was dismissed by many of my fellow Catholics as intentionally defamatory and provoked concern that I was permitted to continue teaching at a Catholic university.

Although in the course of my research I had regularly sought out evidence of opposition to the war effort, the harvest was slim. The church had neither condemned the ongoing war as unjust, nor even hinted that Catholics might, much less should, refuse to support it. There were, however, individuals who did speak out in criticism and were sent to concentration camps and/or killed for doing so. One, a priest named Franz Reinisch, had been executed for refusing to violate his vows and serve in the military. To get a fuller account of his story, I visited one priest who had written a book on him published after the war and interviewed another who had served as chaplain at the prison where the execution had taken place. It was in conversations with the latter that I learned about Jägerstätter.

His was, at least to me, the real story. A priest—given his calling, his education, his training—might be expected to take such a stand; but the witness of a simple peasant who had a wife and three young daughters at home deserved more intensive study. A year later, with another research grant, I was able to spend several months in his village, Saint Radegund, and interview his family and anyone else who could furnish clues to what the sociologist in me defined as an extreme example of "socially deviant" behavior.

In Solitary Witness, my biography of Jägerstätter, appeared in 1964, predictably enjoying a more favorable reception than its predecessor. It was soon translated into a number of foreign language editions, and an Austrian film version was made of it entitled *Verweigerung* (*The Refusal*), with a cast headed by one of Austria's most popular actors. But that is not the end of the story. In 1996, a historical/theological commission was established by the bishop of Linz (Saint Radegund's diocese) with the task of considering Jägerstätter's cause for canonization. I was privileged to serve as a "corresponding member," reviewing and commenting upon the commission's reports. In March 1997, the commission submitted a favorable recommendation, and the bishop has announced that a formal canonization process will begin this month. Needless to say, there is still a long way to go and a long time to wait before a final decision is reached.



Even so, interest in Jägerstätter continues to grow. In keeping with a policy introduced by the current German government, his widow and daughters have had his conviction repealed. Of greater relevance, perhaps, on May 20, Archbishop Schoenborn of Vienna, who had been a leading force on the Linz commission, hosted a prominent scholarly gathering to celebrate "Franz Jägerstätter Day," declared to mark Jägerstätter's ninetieth birthday. In a handwritten note, the archbishop reported to me that the Vienna celebration generated "great interest in TV and [the] public."

What will come of these developments is impossible to say, but the fact that things have come this far was beyond my wildest expectations in 1958. Most purist academics committed to sociology as a "value-free" science might not approve, but I find this sociologist's clearly "value-centered" discovery of a prospective martyr-saint the crowning achievement of his professional career. □

Gordon C. Zahn *taught sociology at the University of Massachusetts-Boston. He has been a frequent contributor to* Commonweal, *writing on conscientious objection and pacifism. He was an American Catholic conscientious objector to World War II.*

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Archbishop of New York
(Date and time to be announced)

Everyone is invited. All lectures are free and will be presented in the Church beginning at 7:30 P.M. on Thursdays except where noted. We appreciate the help of benefactors willing to make a one-time contribution of $100 or more in support of the 1997-1998 Series. They will have reserved seats for each lecture and an invitation to a reception with the speaker afterwards. Please write or call for more information or to be added to our mailing list. Inquiries should be addressed to **Millennium Lecture Series** at the Church address or fax number. **We look forward to welcoming you.**

Reverend Aldo J. Tos, *Pastor* • Reverend Michael K. Holleran, *Parochial Vicar*
Reverend Owen J. Lafferty, *Pastoral Associate* • Sister Anne Tahaney, O.P., *Pastoral Associate*

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